

# SPIRIT

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### POETIC VIGILS.

BY BERNARD BARTON, THE QUAKER POET.

**P**ART of this volume, "A Day in Autumn," &c. and many other shorter pieces which have appeared in various periodical publications, have already received our tribute of applause; and the original poems which are now added to them are not such as to induce us to withdraw our meed of praise. There is a good feeling, a tone of sensibility, a degree of nature, which at once come from and appeal to the heart. But pray thee, friend Bernard, be not wroth when we say there is a degree of sameness, of quiet almost degenerating into insipidity, in some of thy writings; and this we entirely ascribe to thy not being in love. A poet without a mistress! why, it is a cook without a kitchen, a lord mayor without a coach, a doctor without a fee, a sailor without a ship, a quadrille without music, a dish without a dinner, or any other *without* that may seem the most terrible. A brisk flirtation, Mr. Barton, would be of infinite service;—but, *la belle* passion, why, it would do wonders,—it would add at once the tenth string to your lyre. Is there no pretty Friend, whose drab and bright eyes; or, to make your case more poetical, could you not contrive to let your eyes wander beyond the pale of your creed—pit love against duty, the heart against the conscience, *gros de Naples* *versus* broad-cloth? Really a good fit of love would be of the same service to you as a fit of the gout to an alderman. It would carry so many rhymes, so much alliteration, such a sight of similes,—you might sigh in a sonnet, smile in stanzas, swear in

song, do a bit of the desperate in an ode! Our Gazette to any two-penny trifle of the day, that in the course of a few poems you would become the Petrarch of the Society. We have no doubt but that this our excellent advice will be taken. In the mean time we shall quote one or two of the poems with which we have been particularly struck:

#### THE BUTTERFLY.

Beautiful creature! I have been  
Moments uncounted watching thee,  
Now flitting round the foliage green  
Of yonder dark, embow'ring tree;  
And now again, in frolic glee,  
Hov'ring round those opening flowers,  
Happy as nature's child should be,  
Born to enjoy her loveliest bowers.

And I have gazed upon thy flight,  
Till feelings I can scarce define,  
Awaken'd by so fair a sight,  
With desultory thoughts combine  
Not to induce me to repine,  
Or envy thee thy happiness;  
But from a lot so bright as thine  
To borrow musings born to bless.

For unto him whose spirit reads  
Creation with a Christian's eye,  
Each happy living creature pleads  
The cause of Him who reigns on high;  
Who spann'd the earth, and arch'd the sky,  
Gave life to every thing that lives,  
And still delighteth to supply  
With happiness the life He gives.

This truth may boast but little worth,  
Enforc'd by rhet'ric's frigid powers;—  
But when it has its quiet birth  
In contemplation's silent hours;  
When Summer's brightly peopled bowers  
Bring home its teachings to the heart,  
Then birds and insects, shrubs and flowers,  
Its teaching eloquence impart.

Then thou, delightful creature, who  
Wert yesterday a sightless worm,  
Becom'st a symbol fair and true  
Of hopes that own no mortal term;  
In thy proud change we see the germ  
Of Man's sublimer destiny,  
Whilst holiest oracles confirm  
The type of immortality!

A change more glorious far than thine,  
E'en I, thy fellow-worm, may know,  
When this exhausted frame of mine  
Down to its kindred dust shall go:  
When the anxiety and woe  
Of being's embryo state shall seem  
Like phantoms flitting to and fro  
In some confus'd and feverish dream.

For thee, who flittest gaily now,  
With all thy nature asks—supplied,  
A few brief summer days, and thou  
No more amid these haunts shall glide,  
As hope's fair herald—in thy pride  
The sylph-like genius of the scene,  
But, sunk in dark oblivion's tide,  
Shalt be—as thou hadst never been!

While Man's immortal part, when Time  
Shall set the chainless spirit free,  
May seek a brighter, happier clime  
Than Fancy e'er could feign for thee:  
Though bright her fairy bowers may be,  
Yet brief as bright their beauties fade,  
And sad Experience mourns to see  
Each gourd Hope trusted in—decay'd.

But in those regions, calm and pure,  
To which our holiest wishes cling,  
Joys, that eternally endure,  
Shall bloom in everlasting Spring:  
There seraph harps, of golden string,  
Are vocal to the great I AM,

And souls redeem'd their anthems sing  
Of grateful praises to the Lamb!

Shall they who here anticipate,  
Through Faith's strong vision, eagle-eyed,  
Those joys immortal that await  
Angelic spirits purified,  
Shall such, however deeply tried,  
E'er cast their glorious hopes away?  
Oh! be those hopes their heaven-ward guide,  
Their steadfast anchor, and their stay.

Though many a flower that sweetly deck'd  
Life's early path, but bloom'd to fade;  
Though sorrow, poverty, neglect—  
Now seem to wrap their souls in shade;—  
Let those look upward, undismay'd,  
From thorny paths, in anguish trod  
To regions where—in light array'd,  
Still dwells their Saviour, and their God.

Sport on, then, lovely Summer fly,  
With whom began my votive strain:—  
Yet purer joys *their* hopes supply,  
Who, by Faith's alchemy, obtain  
Comfort in sorrow, bliss in pain,  
Freedom in bondage, light in gloom,  
Through earthly losses heavenly gain,  
And *Life* immortal through the tomb.

It is impossible not to admire, nay more, not to feel, the sentiment and harmony of writing like this. We have from his first appearances in the literary world been staunch admirers of the quaker poet; and we doubt not his yet adding to his laurels, if he will but mind our farewell advice: Bernard Barton, fall desperately in love!

(Blackwood's Edin. Mag.)

#### SPECULATIONS OF A TRAVELLER, CONCERNING THE PEOPLE OF NORTH AMERICA AND GREAT BRITAIN.

**S**UBSTANTIAL information is what the people of this empire, and, in fact, those of all Europe, now want, respecting the institutions, political and moral, of North America. We find, on looking into the journals and books of the day, that the subject is one of growing interest; and we have taken some pains to arrange what information we happen to have gleaned from personal knowledge, or from those who have no interest in deceiving us on such points, as we believe likely to interest the general reader.

A thousand mischievous, idle, unhappy, and exasperating prejudices, have existed between the people of

America, and those of Great Britain; but they are rapidly disappearing;—and, we have no doubt, after a little time, will be remembered only as we now remember the stories of witchcraft, and the prejudices of childhood.

The truth is—and the sooner it is generally known the better—that the rational and good men of both countries have always been friendly to a hearty, unreserved, kind, and free intercourse between the two nations, ever since the independence of that was acknowledged by this; and that the very multitude of both countries in proportion as they have come to know one another truly, and to under-



stand the real opinion that each entertain of the other, have always been, and are, at this moment, absolutely cordial.

It should be remembered, that the specimens of English character, which the Americans usually meet with in their country, are very unfavourable. I have heard a sober American say, that he had never seen but one or two English gentlemen in America; and, we know, that our English gentlemen upon the continent are strangely unlike our English gentlemen at home. Nor is it common for Englishmen to meet with favourable specimens of the American character.

Our men of leisure, education, science, fortune, or fashion, go to the continent—through all Europe, Asia, Africa—anywhere but to America. Men of desperate fortunes, or desperate characters; the factious and discontented; those who have been ship-wrecked in some political convulsion, or hazardous commercial enterprize; the ignorant and abused, who dream of America as wiser men do of the Indies; with now and then, but very rarely, a substantial tradesman, husbandman, or mechanic; and, yet more rarely, a man of talent and education, who hurries through a part only of a few States in that confederacy of nations, are those whom the Americans are accustomed to see among them; and those to whom we are chiefly indebted for all our information concerning the country of the Americans.

Nor is our situation very different from that of our brethren—the people of the United States—in this particular. Their representation to this country is quite as little to be depended upon, if we would form a fair estimate of their national character. They are of three classes:—1st, Young men of fortune, who visit London, Paris, and Rome, because it is the fashion. 2dly, Young men, who come here to complete their education at our medical schools; and, 3dly, Mere men of business. Besides these, we occasionally meet with an ar-

tist, (chiefly in the department of painting, where the Americans have done more than in any other of the fine arts;) a literary man; an invalid; or a political representative of their country.

But who would ground his estimate of national character, upon his knowledge of such people?—Young men of fortune are pretty much the same all over the world. Students, for the sake of their own comfort, when they are with a strange people, soon learn to throw off, or conceal, their national peculiarities, and adopt those of the multitude with whom they are continually associated; men of business, however well they may have been educated, are very apt to think lightly of every thing that has not an immediate relationship with pecuniary matters; the painter will only be known by the general manifestation of his talent; seldom or never, though he be an American, by any thing of especial reference to his own country—her scenery, history, or peculiarities; the literary man would be likely to hazard as little as possible—his opinions would be loose and popular, calculated to do neither harm nor good—aiming chiefly at amusement, and most carefully avoiding, in his whole deportment, whatever might offend the prejudices of them who are to sit in judgment upon him, he would be likely to become, after a little time, any thing but a sound specimen of national and peculiar character; and, from the political representative of any country, we cannot reasonably expect any other than a kind of diplomatic deportment, which, like high breeding, is likely to confound all national distinction.

Is it wonderful, then, that so many erroneous, mischievous, and, in some cases, very ridiculous notions, continue to be reciprocally entertained by the British and Americans, of each other?

Most of these are owing to political writers, newspapers,\* and books of travels, often hastily written, and too frequently by those who have gone from one country to the other, without

\* Three or four very able, and several respectable editors in America, are Irishmen. The writers are almost to a man exceedingly rancorous against this country; and of course against the federal party in America, who are the friends of this country. They have done a great deal of mischief, however honest may have been their intentions, or however much they may deserve to be excused, in consequence of what they consider their sufferings at home, before their escape to America.

a proper degree of inquiry and preparation.

There was never, perhaps, a more favourable moment than the present for crushing these prejudices ; and if every one would contribute his mite, the business would be speedily and effectually accomplished. Whoever will go to a public meeting in London, it matters little of what kind, or for what purpose it may have been called, will meet with continual and delightful evidence of this. At one time he will see a whole audience, assembled for the very purpose of laughing at the genuine sentiments of brother Jonathan, completely electrified by a timely allusion to their brethren over the Atlantic ; and at another, he will hear of a nobleman of high rank and commanding influence, bursting into generous and indignant rebuke of that paltry jealousy, which set two such countries as Great Britain and America in array against each other ; countries which are better fitted than any other two upon the earth for perpetual friendship and alliance. But whether this takes place at a theatrical entertainment, abounding in the most absurd and laughable misrepresentation, or at a meeting of the African Society, in furtherance of the most magnificent undertaking that was ever attempted by man ; whether it be the expedient of a player or of a politician, a comedian or a statesman ; whether the Marquis of Lansdowne or Mr. Mathews be sincere or not, (and of their sincerity who can entertain a doubt ?)—the fact is established beyond all dispute, that it is good policy in England for an Englishman to appear friendly to America.

And this is what the Americans want to know. They must know it, and they shall know it.

There is a party, to be sure, in the United States, whose hostility to another party in this country has long been misunderstood for the hostility of the whole American people to the whole British people. That party is now in power : they are the majority of the whole population, and are called Republicans or Democrats.

But their feeling of bitterness and hatred has been rather one of appear-

ance than of reality. It was political, rather than moral, and could hardly be called the feeling of the multitude. It was in its virulence only that of a few bad, ignorant men, who knew how to play upon the passions or prejudices of a multitude, but it was never so virulent nor so universal as people in this country supposed, and is now dying away of itself, under the more kindly and charitable influence of association.

A part was hereditary, having been transmitted to the present race by the chief sufferers in the Revolution ; a part grew naturally out of a state of warfare, when the federal party, constituting a minority of sufficient power to divide the confederacy into two equal parts, were denounced as Englishmen, Tories, and enemies to their own country, because they assembled together, stood up with a front as formidable as that of their fathers, in the war of independence—with whom that war, by the way, originated—and protested against the last war with Great Britain, as unholy, unwise, and most unnatural ; and the rest may be attributed to the superabundance of zeal without knowledge, which is common to those who have gone from one sort of extreme to another, whether in religion or politics.

Bigots become atheists in the day of revolution ; and the subjects of an arbitrary government, such fierce and orthodox republicans, that they cannot endure any thing which smacks of monarchy.

Perhaps a word or two on that part of the subject may help to allay a good deal of misapprehension here among a powerful party, who certainly do not appear to understand the real difference between the political institutions of this country and America.

They hear, for example, about universal suffrage in America. They are told that there are no game laws, no standing army, no national debt, no taxes, no aristocracy, no titles, no national church.

They are altogether mistaken. There is no such thing as universal suffrage in America. A property qualification, residence, and, of course, citizenship, are all required there. But what will



surprise them yet more is, that the Americans are quite indifferent about the exercise of their right. Multitudes continually neglect it, and multitudes more would never go to the polls, were they not ferreted out of their retirement, and dragged thither. In the Southern and Middle States, this indifference is most remarkable.—Throughout New England it is hardly manifest.

True, there are no game laws ; and when an Englishman first puts his foot upon the soil, he is wild with delight, on finding that he may wander whither he will, over any man's land, in pursuit of—what he can find, without any sort of qualification. But his ardour soon abates, when he finds that every body else may enjoy the same privilege ; that there is no distinction in it ; and that there is very little of what may be called game in America, unless he choose to go into the wilderness. By and by he comes to care as little about sporting as the Americans do about suffrage, or as any man would for grapes, who should have them continually before him. *Toujours pedrix* is the complaint of all mankind, after the fever of excitement is over. Those things which delight us most are apt to weary us the soonest. Let people have their own way for a little time among rarities, and they will soon become tired of them. The pastry-cooks and confectioners understand this, and put it in practice on every new apprentice.

But the Americans have a small standing army, (all that they require for their protection ;) a national debt, which, however it may be in the way of extinguishment, is bitterly complained of there ; taxes, that are not thought low in America ; a formidable aristocracy of wealth ; a great regard for family and birth ; and what is yet harder to believe, when we call to mind the genius of their government, and the clause in their constitution which prohibits the creation of titles, the republican Americans have titles in abundance, and are quite as jealous of them, too, as any other people under the sun.

There are some dozens of " excel-

lencies," some hundreds of " honours," and " honourables," and thousands of " esquires," annually created by the American people, to say nothing of their military titles, which are " too numerous to mention ;" or their civil and religious titles, such as the " select men" and deacons, some of which are often very amusing, and hardly ever withheld from these republican dignitaries.

Their President and Vice-President, the Secretaries of the war, state, navy, and treasury departments, and their foreign ambassadors, are all excellencies ; their judges, who probably exceed five hundred, are all honours ; all their senators, whether of a State, or of the United States, and sometimes their representatives, particularly to Congress, are honourables ; all members of the bar, from the attorney and conveyancer upward, all magistrates, merchants, public officers, gentlemen, and those who have no other particular title, are esquires. Such is the consistency of republicans when left to themselves.

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We hear a good deal, too, of republican economy. We are told that the twenty-four Governors, and the President, Vice President, the twenty-four State-houses of Representatives, and the twenty-four Senates, together with the Senate and House of Representatives, or Congress, (all of whom are paid,) with all the expenses of the twenty-five governments, civil and military, including the salaries of all the ambassadors, judges, and public officers do not cost the people of the United States so much as the people of this country allow annually to the King of Great Britain.

This may, or may not, be true. It is hardly worth our while to examine the fact on this occasion. We are willing to admit, however, for a moment, that it is true.

But it should not be forgotten that our population is much greater, much richer, and fuller of resources ; that our supreme executive is in one individual ; that a large portion of the supply so voted to him, is diverted into other channels ; that our legislative

body receive no pay ; that our judiciary, on the whole, is not near so costly, (because not near so numerous ;)—that our situation is one of continual danger, requiring proportional disbursement ; that the supreme executive of America is not in reality one person, the President, but twenty-six persons, viz. a President, Vice-President, and twenty-four governors, (and some lieutenant-governors and councils ;) that the supplies voted to each, are exclusively applied by each individual to his own use ; that all the legislative bodies there are paid ; that the civil list is a matter of separate appropriation ; that the judiciary in America, on account of their numbers, are a great expense to the people ; and that America is remote from danger, and, of course, not under the necessity of being so continually prepared for encroachment.

But the way in which the comparison is made is not a fair one. We should estimate the population and resources of each country ; we should recollect that, by the distribution of the governing power in America into twenty-five parts, each paying its own officers, the utmost vigilance and frugality are insured in the administration of each ; and that, by the concentration of the whole governing power into one point, as in Great Britain, it is gradually the interest of some one (or more) of the parts to encourage expenditure in the whole, that itself may profit by it.

Unluckily for those who feel a sober concern about the American people, as forming a large part of the human family, her institutions have become, instead of what they should be, a matter of serious investigation, rather a theme for poetry and eloquence.

Yet, after all, it will be found, perhaps, under the present constitution of things, that, in one respect, all governments are alike—arbitrary in proportion to their power. We do not mean

comparative power, such as that which we allow to this or that nation, when compared with another, but positive power—the strength and vigor of the government. This is always in proportion to the strength of the majority ;—and this majority may be in the form of wealth, numbers, religion, law, or military force.

Men may say what they will about the comparative advantages of a monarchical and republican government. Both have their advantages, both their disadvantages. The form of government often, and the substantial freedom of the people almost always, depend upon the situation of the country.

A wealthy population, occupying a rich and fertile territory, full of temptation to the plundering banditti of the world, surrounded by warlike barbarians, or standing armies, must have the power of protecting themselves, instantaneously—must have standing armies, or an equivalent—must endow their chief magistrate, whatever he may be called, or their executive, in whatever shape it may exist, with more power, of every kind, than would be necessary if they were poor, afar off, remote from, or inaccessible to danger, whether they were entrenched by mountains, or encompassed by oceans.

Thus, before the American revolution came to a close, the Congress of the Confederacy endowed Washington with nearly absolute power—in effect. They allowed him to choose his own officers (with two or three exceptions) ; to levy contributions, and to call for men, at his discretion.

And if the United States were, at this hour, situated in the middle of Europe, or if a separation should unhappily take place among themselves, (a very probable event, notwithstanding Mr. Munroe's ingenious and plausible supposition,\*) they would soon be obli-

\* Mr. Munroe, in his last message, speaks of the remarkable faculty, inherent, as he supposes, in the constitution of the American confederacy, by virtue of which, on the admission of every new State, the chance of separation is diminished, while the strength of the whole is augmented.

Mr. Munroe is mistaken. The confederacy is already too large. The longer the sceptre, the more unmanageable it will always be. Sources of difference already exist, and are continually multiplying. The alleged encroachment of the Supreme Court, as the supreme judiciary of the country, upon the legislative power, under pretence of construction, which amounts, in reality, to legislation ; the disputes between Virginia and Kentucky ; the sectional prejudices ; the real inequality of representation and taxation, are some of these. In fact, every State has its own particular grievances ; and, of course, if you augment the num-



ged to keep up a standing army, or a militia continually under arms ; to choose military men for civil offices ;—to reward the popular favourites, who, in time of war, would, of course, be the most fortunate and adventurous of their military men, by the highest offices ; to give the President the power of declaring war ; and, probably, to keep him in office during life, partly on account of his experience, partly to avoid the danger of electioneering controversy, and partly, whatever he might be, under the fear of changing for the worse.

And so, too, if Great Britain were as remote from the influence and peril of great political combinations as are the United States, there would be less need of monarchical vigour, royal prerogative, and power, or standing armies.—In such a case, the disturbers of public tranquillity, by mischievous writing or speaking, might be generally left, as they are in America, to the discretion of the public themselves.

A prosecution for seditious or blasphemous writing, or for a libel upon government, or any of its officers, was probably never heard of in America.

The truth is, that a republic is well fitted for a time of tranquillity ; but the moment that invasion presses upon it, all its administration is obliged to take upon itself more and more of a monarchical vigour and bearing, not only in the military, but civil departments.

We would say, then, to our countrymen, and to the Americans, Have done with all political comparisons, unless you choose to go profoundly into the subject. Let us have no prattling upon the solemn business of government.—Do not imagine that a monarchical or republican form of government is the best for every people, in every possible situation. It were wiser to believe in a panacea—what is good for one will, for that very reason, be bad for another

of a different constitution, temperament or habits.

Above all, do not believe that a people are much freer under one kind of government than under another. The form, after all, is only a shadow. Power will be felt whenever it is tempted or provoked ; and every government, whatever may be its nature—civil, military, or religious,—or however constituted, fashioned, or named, will be arbitrary, in proportion to its power.

A formidable minority will always be respected ; an overwhelming majority will always be tyrannical and unjust.

In Turkey, such a minority would be free. In the United States, such a majority would be—for they have been—wholly regardless of decency toward the minority, exactly in proportion to their own ascendancy over them.

Let war be declared against this country to-morrow in America. Let one man alone lift up his voice against it, or presume to remonstrate, and he would be treated with contempt, lampooned, burnt in effigy, or perhaps tarred and feathered. But let a third part of the country stand up with him, and they will be treated with most respectful consideration, just as they would be in Turkey.

Institute no political comparisons, therefore, we would say : for it is a hundred to one, whether you be an American or an Englishman, that you do not well understand what you are talking about.

If you happen to be an American, do not believe that you have captured, sunk, and destroyed the whole British navy ; and if you are an Englishman, do not dream of re-colonizing America. Avoid these two things, and you will do well enough.

Leave it to such men as Mr. Cobbett, in this country, and some others of a like temper in America, to keep up a state of artificial hostility between

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ber of States, you augment the number of their grievances, and, therefore, the chances of separation. Because, if one desire to separate, and is afraid of being prevented by force, she will combine with others, until sufficiently strong, each helping to relieve the other. These grievances are not felt now ; but, in a time of war, with an enemy at the door, and heavy taxes pressing them down, as they suppose, unequally, almost every state will have the disposition to dictate some sort of terms to the rest, and the power, very often, to enforce her claims, be they just or unjust. The last war was full of warning on this point.

the two countries. We mention Mr. Cobbett, because we happen to have met with an amusing—and yet we know not if it would not be more proper to call it a melancholy coincidence, between the opinions of him and an American editor, of a similar character, upon the same point.

When the last message of the American President was put into our hands, it was accompanied with an American paper. We were rejoicing in the apparent simultaneous expression of similar sentiments by our cabinet and that of America. Mr. Munroe and Mr. Canning had spoken the same language, almost at the same time. This was either preconcerted, or it was not. If it was—what a voice to the nations of the earth! How plainly did it say, “Thus far shall ye go, but no further.” If it was not—how much more terrible! The one would have been the voice of two cabinets, the other of two nations; the one a communication by the telegraph, the other, by electricity. It was at this moment, while we were yet full of the proud, confident feeling, which a course of reflection like that would naturally produce, that our attention was attracted by the name of Mr. Canning, in the American paper.

It was at the head of a speech, by that gentleman, at the Liverpool dinner, where he and Mr. Hughes accidentally met. The time had gone by for the American editor to abuse the British minister. It was no longer popular. He chose quite another course. He affected to believe that Mr. Canning, whose reputation for wit stands high in America, was only playing off a little of his cabinet pleasantries upon the credulous American. Nothing, of course, had it been believed, could have been more provoking.

But not long after this we met with a precisely parallel case, in the management of an English politician, or rather political writer, on the very same point. It was for this reason alone that we have remembered it.

Mr. Cobbett, in speaking of the

same speeches, on the same occasion, had the sagacity to adopt a course of policy precisely similar to that of the American. He did not resort, as a vulgar pamphleteer would, to a downright calling of names; but he affected to believe that Mr. Canning had forgotten his dignity as an English minister, and truckled to an agent from a nation of shopkeepers. Had many others of Mr. Canning's countrymen believed this, he would have been despised, and the American hated.

Thus much to show what mischief may be done by a light, hasty, or thoughtless piece of humour—even if we are willing to consider their remarks in the light of humour. Let all such things be avoided.

A little mutual forbearance, a little charity, and a little patient inquiry, will do more toward effecting a hearty and permanent reconciliation between the people of the two countries, than all the enthusiasm of all the reformers, poets, and philanthropists that ever lived. We are all of the same family; descended from the same parents; having the same religion; the same laws; the same language; the same habits, and the same literature.

What, then, should keep us asunder? We only want to know each other intimately and truly, to become one great brotherhood. Will the political genius of the two governments prevent this?—No—for though one be a monarchy, and the other a republic; and, therefore, to all appearance not likely to seek a coalition of themselves, unless they are forced into it by an equality of pressure on every side—yet there is now, and will probably be for a long time, such a pressure; and if the subject be seriously investigated, it will be found that the two governments, and the two nations, after all, are more essentially the same, in all that constitutes the source of attraction, affinity, and attachment among nations, than are any two republics, or any two monarchies, under heaven.

X. Y. Z.

*London, June 8.*



## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

### CHARACTER-HIGH-STICKS.

\*\*\* **T**O get on board, I descended from the quay to the deck. "Please, Sir, to remember the ladder," said an old grey-headed, blear-eyed man. "Aye, aye, my friend, you need not *speake* upon that subject, for there's a *spoke* gone, which nearly tumbled me overboard; I shan't forget o' one while."—"It's customary, your honour."—"What, a broken ladder?"—"No, your honour, that was accident; but every body gi'es some-ut."—"Do they? then I must follow the mode," putting a small coin in his hand. "Let go the head-rope, (hallooed the Captain,) and haul her bow round; let go, let go of all!"—"Aye, aye, Sir, there she goes! there she walks! Hats and wigs, gemmen, look out for the main-boom."—"How does she go, mate," cried the Captain at the helm. "Never better, Sir; her bow is between the two cat-heads."—"Steady, and keep her so. Steady, 'tis mate, steady!"—And thus we passed between the pier-heads, receiving the farewells of those we left behind. After parting with the spectators, it was very natural for us to look at one another. For myself, I had little else to do. Close shut up in her carriage lashed on one side of the deck was the Countess Dowager of—— and Sir C— W—, who thus took an opportunity of journeying to Paris (in company with a female friend) to visit his wife, after she had been making a tour of the Continent with a gentle cousin. On the bench abaft them sat a Cossack chief and suite. They had been to England to try our beef against their *bœuf de cheval*. The top of the sky-light was occupied by Sir F— F— and Lady, a Deputy Commissary-general, Sir——, whose carriage and four greys were aboard, and a young buck of fashion, who lithped hith accenths tho. On the opposite side of the deck was an ancient, farmer-looking man.—He appeared equally in his element in ploughing the wave, as he would have been upon his own estate. There was a good humoured unconcernedness about him, and his looks seemed to say, with the old miller's song,

"I cares for nobody, no not I,  
And nobody cares for me."

By his side, and still gazing at the shore, stood a young Colonel. His hat was frequently waving above his head, and now and then we could distinguish a flash of something white upon the beach: it told a tender tale of parting love. Behind them sat a learned M. D. who was making a *pil-grim-age* to the Continent for the benefit of his patients. On the stern-rail a scene-painter was sketching the coast for a new pantomine; overlooked by a novelist searching for originals on one side, and a scientific traveller on the other.—Stretched on a pile of baggage, forward, lay an Irish sergeant fast asleep, while his faithful Judy, with a short dodeen in her mouth, watched o'er his *purly* slumbers. A keen, sharp-eyed genius, with an assumed look of stupidity, and habited like a methodist parson, lolled over the windlass end, turning his eagle glance on every one around, displayed the dealer in contrabands. A rough shock head, frequently thrust up the companion from below, inquiring whether all was shafe, and *how much more* they had to go?" proclaimed an Israelite indeed. Beside those already mentioned, the passengers were, a French captain, a Mad-dame from the *Magazin des Modes*, (whose bonnet resembled a May-day garland decorating the steeple of a village church,) escorted by a little abbé all smiles and frisks, the licensed possessor of her conscience; an Italian opera-dancer, a Dutch burgo-master, a sergeant-at-law, two ordinary M. P's. a city alderman, and a Dover magistrate, with his family, going on a visit to their old friends at Calais. The sails were nicely trimmed, and being, as an honest Jack observed, "past all safety," my old friend the Captain resigned the helm to one of the crew, and joined me in conversation. The passengers, too, began to group themselves together, as if by instinct. Shadrach Levi, who had ventured on deck, took the smuggler for a companion; and all seemed admirably attached except the honest farmer (as he appeared;) his blunt manners

and independent looks were not relished by any but the novelist, and I would have given a trifle to have examined his sketch-book. When about mid-channel it fell a perfect calm, but at the same time the blackening clouds that hung upon the horizon warned us at least of rain. Evening now closed in, and many anxious fears for safety were expressed. "Blesh ma conscience, (cried Shadrach,) ven shall ve get over de pond! Oh I vish I vas in Dukesh Plaish again!"—"Pray, thailor, inquired the young buck,) do the American privateerth ever come here?"—"Sometimes, Sir, they give us a slap. We had five or six passengers killed about a fortnight ago."—"Oh dear, what a thocking thing!—what, fight?"—"Oh that's nothing; the skippers often *bury* their passengers, and who's the wiser?"—"What, I suppoth, the privateerth attack you over night; and where do they go to?"—"Oh, Sir, they're snug in America next morning."—"Oh dear, I hope they won't come now." The doctor and the abbé had commenced a violent contest, when a sudden puff of wind put a stop to the argument, and away they all went to leeward.—"Arrah, stop the ship, stop the ship!" roared the sergeant, grasping his dear Judy round the waist. The Countess shrieked, the ladies cried, the men groaned, and the sailors laughed; while the Captain whistled "Crazy Jane" with all his might. The only unconcerned individual was our farming friend, who appeared as indifferent as possible, except that while the crew were hauling down a reef in the mainsail, he seemed quite at home, assisting with a hearty good will. "Blesh ma heart, vat shall I do!" cried Shadrach, when he tumbled head foremost against the stomach of a Don Cossack, who lifted him up with the same ease that he would a sucking pig, and set the dirty little animal on his legs. "Thank you, Shir, mit all ma heart; and if ever you should come to Dukesh Plaish—" Down dropped Shadrach through the companion, and crawled away to bed. "Whath the matter?" cried the young buck.—"Nothing, nothing, (replied the Captain,) only the ship's overboard."—"Oh dear, oh dear! then we shall all be

drowned!"—"In less than an hour, so get ready for t'other world."—"Faith, Captain, but this is comical tratement for gentlemen! (exclaimed Sir F—F—;) and next time I go by your conveyance I'll engage you shall keep the vessel quiet."—"Arrah, Judy, where are you, darling?"—"Faith, and it's here I am, Pat, in the centre of a hobble, all alone by myself, in the middle of the Russians." The doctor's heart beat like a pestle and mortar, making a strange mixture; the Countess took a vivifying draught of ratifia; Madame Go-ginger-bread applied herself piously to the eau-de-vie; the abbé joined in the libation; the alderman had turned the *turtle* between the blankets; the M. P's. declared they would get an act passed to ensure fine weather, and cried out lustily about breach of privilege; the Cossacks were satisfied they should not starve while the horses remained; the deputy commissary-general began to think of short rations; the young colonel was fast asleep; the scene-painter, like an old fox, had dropped his *brush*; the traveller was travelling with apprehension; the operadancer figured in a sorry band; Mynheer Von Donker-drunk considered it best that every corporation should rest upon its own broad-bottomed foundation; the French captain concealed himself under the lappets of the burgo-master's coat; the smuggler was picking up the wee things about the decks; the sergeant-at-law was at *cross* examination; while the Dover magistrate, with his family, were neither one thing nor the other. I stuck by the old Captain, who still whistled and sung "Crazy Jane" with lungs like the bellows of a church organ; and close to us stood the farmer. "Rough night, Captain," said he. "Aye, Sir, it blows fresh—'Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.' Perhaps you'd like a glass of grog, Sir, or wine. Here, George! Steward! George! bring some grog and biscuit." The Mate now joined us. "Well, Mate, how does she go, Mate?" inquired the Captain; and without waiting for an answer, continued his song—"Do my frenzied looks alarm you?—Stop a minute, Mate, the grog is coming—'Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.'"—



George appeared with the grog. We had just mixed our glasses, when the wind came fair, and promised us safe landing in about an hour. "Well, Captain, 'tis an ill wind that blows nobody good, (said the farmer;) here's your health. And in return for your glass of grog, if you want any one to take the helm in running in, I'm your boy, (he was upwards of seventy;) or when you get ashore come to Dessein's, and ask for Admiral —, and we'll crack a bottle together." And sure enough it was he himself. Born to that splendid fame which dwells not in outward show, the memorial is deeply engraven on every Briton's heart. "Blesh ma conscience, are we shafe yet?" enquired Shadrach, knocking a bumper glass out of the hand of the Countess as she was receiving it from her attendant. "Get up the towlines, Mate, (cried the Captain,) and have the jib-purchase and

fore-halliards all clear." We now entered between Calais pier-heads, and old Mascot (the brother of him who piloted Louis on his return to his dominion) came aboard to conduct us in. "Hal-loo, Muscow, haulhee, haulhee with the rope!" said the Captain, observing the wind shorten out of the harbour. However, in a few minutes we landed close to the spot where the impression of the Desiré's foot was cut in the stone by those who, a few years before, were ready to to erect a chin-chopper to cut off his head. And now, Mr. Editor, having fulfilled my promise, I once more take my leave, thanking you for the attention you have paid my *billy-ducks*, (you see I have learned a little French;) and promising that, in some shape or other, you shall once more hear from yours, &c. &c.

HUMPHREY FELT.  
*Currier and Tanner.*

(Lon. Mag.)

#### A RIVER SONG.

MERRILY whistles the wind of the shore  
Through the lithe willow,  
But wearily drops the boatman's oar  
On the calm billow:—  
Tis silent there—although it sing  
So freshly on the land;  
The feather shook from the wild duck's wing  
Scarce finds the strand!—  
Then do not fear—up, maiden, and hear  
The gushing billow—  
In the deep \* silent of the night  
Lie on your pillow;  
But wake with the waking of the day-light—  
As fresh and as fair, and as blushing and bright.

#### II.

Is it not pleasanter thus to steal  
O'er the water—than on a dull bed  
To toss in the wasting sun, and to feel  
The heavy air over your head—  
For this keen, elastic wind?—Look back!  
Ha! how fleetly  
St. Mary's turrets fade from our track—  
And how sweetly  
The chime of its bells comes o'er the ear,  
With the rush of the Shannon's waters here!—

#### III.

Oh! it is pleasant to mark the lark,  
When the dark brow of night is clearing,  
Give greeting to the dawn—and—hark!  
Waked by the dashing of our bark,

Through the green waves careering;  
The plover and the shrill curlew  
Round us screaming—  
Startle thy silent shore, Tiervoe!  
Where the beaming  
Of the unshrouded, morning sun,  
Finds pleasant scenes to smile upon!—

#### IV.

Tis noon! The Race† is past!—tis even—  
Ha! see St. Simon's isle—  
With its high round tower, and churches eleven,  
Bathed in the evening's smile—  
And deeper—and fainter—and fainter still  
That smile is growing—  
And now the flush is on the hill,  
Wasting and glowing—  
And now in the west there's a bickering bright,  
Tis the triumph of darkness! the death of light!—

#### V.

Now steal we under the drowsy shore—  
Our toil is done! our sailing o'er—  
How lovely thou lookest, young maiden, now  
Thy cheek is flushed—and on thy brow,  
White—soft—and sleek—  
One purple vein is faintly seen  
Like a thin streak  
Of the blue sky shown through a silver cloud,  
When the dim sun lies in his morning shroud!

*Oscar.*

† The Race: A part of the Shannon near Tarbert and Clonderlaw Bay—where it dilates itself so as to resemble a large lake.

\* "Dead night—dun night—the silent of the night."—*Shakespeare.*

## THE BLANK BOOK OF A SMALL COLLEGER.

**T**HIS is a collection of sixteen slight tales, with one or two exceptions of indifferent style, told in an agreeable manner ; though several of them want novelty, and an occasional anachronism betrays the writer to be more juvenile than his assumed character. We select the following, to exemplify his talent.

*"A Constitution.*—What a blessed thing is a Constitution ! Like Charity, 'it covers a multitude of sins,' and I scarcely know how some people would balance their accounts with heaven, did they not put to the credit side, their Constitution. Go where we will, this most potent plea meets us.—My particular friend, Delaware, but a day or two since, when the Churchwardens told his father, 'that the additional rates were owing to his own son, for he had seduced almost every girl in the parish,' assured his dad, with the most enviable equanimity, that 'he was a libertine from constitution rather than from vice !'

*"Again.* There was a Mrs. Hill, of Wakefield—the head of the Lying-in-Charity, and a *very ingenious lady*—who had *her constitutional weakness* ; and a queer one, beyond controversy, it was. Though a woman in very easy circumstances, she could never resist, on entering her milliner's shop, purloining some bit of finery which struck her fancy. The milliner was sorely perplexed at the regular disappearance of remnants of lace—French kid gloves—and superfine silk stockings, after Mrs. Hill's visits, and had long puzzled her brains to no purpose ; till accident, one morning, discovered the thief. Unwilling to lose her property, and equally unwilling to lose a good customer, with the true sagacity of a *Marchande des Modes*, she determined on adding the lost articles to Mrs. Hill's account, and silently awaiting the result. The stratagem succeeded. The bill was paid, and no questions were asked.—But in an evil hour, Mrs. Hill ventured to practise her pranks in a strange shop, the owner of which, unlike the complaisant Miss Weathercock, acquainted Mr. Hill with the fact, and rudely threatened to prosecute his lady. Mr. Hill listened to the story with Quaker-like calmness, and with a dry hem, exclaimed, 'It was constitutional—quite so !'

*"Others* have a constitutional propensity to laugh at 'any thing dreadful ;' and from being thus naturally blessed, Etheridge, a college chum of mine, lost *only* ten thousand pounds ! His uncle awoke him one morning, and told him, with a face of horror, that his grandfather had been found

dead in his bed. The expression of his uncle's phiz—the red velvet night-cap which adorned his brow—the shiver of his whole frame, which made his teeth rattle like the keys of an old harpsichord—combined with his constitutional propensity, to make my unlucky friend roar again. The old bachelor, thunderstruck, left the room ; took out his *bene decessit* a few months afterwards ; and by his will left his nephew—five guineas for a mourning ring !

*"Then* there are constitutional liars—men, who, without any advantage to gain, or any end to answer, indulge in the most palpable falsehoods. Under this description come two brothers whom I once met. The one had travelled, and had seen more prodigies than any tourist before or after him ; the other was a man of *bonnes fortunes*, and had been on intimate terms with every beauty in Europe. The first declared he had *seen* water boil till it was *red-hot*—manfully stood to his assertion before a large party—and because one gentleman in company expressed his doubts respecting the phenomenon—fought a duel to *prove* it ! The other carried his constitutional weakness still farther : for he made his last action on earth, constitutionally in keeping with the rest of his life. A few hours before he died, he summoned a particular friend to his bed-side, and in a voice tremulous with approaching dissolution, entreated him to be a guardian and father to a little boy whose mother was a beautiful girl of high rank. To her he gave him a letter beautifully and pathetically worded, and filled with the most familiar endearing epithets, authorizing her to surrender his child to his friend. Firmly believing the dying man's statement, the friend, after following him to the grave, hurried to Harley-street, and with considerable difficulty, obtained an interview with the lady :—delivered the letter :—and begged to be favoured with her commands. The scene may be more easily supposed than described, when I add, that the Earl's daughter—for such she was—amazed at its contents, summoned one of her brothers to unravel the mystery ;—and that a duel had very nearly been the result. It was, at last, proved, beyond all question, that the lady had been absent from England during the whole period to which the letter referred—that she could not possibly have ever known the writer—and in all human probability, was utterly ignorant that such an unprincipled being was in existence.

*"Again.* I have heard it asserted, 'tis years ago !' of an old naval officer, who was an ornament to his noble profession, and had a heart that did honour to human nature—---that he lived swearing, died swearing ; and it was shrewdly sus-



pected by his men, had been born swearing! A few hours before his last action, he called both his eyes and his blood to witness, that he could not live an hour without swearing,---could not fight his ship without swearing,---and finally ended with, 'By --- it's constitutional with me, it's in my blood!'

"But how does it happen that the case is so seldom reversed? Rarely, very rarely, does Constitution get the credit of our virtues. I never heard of a lady owning that she was constitutionally chaste---a clergyman that he was constitutionally pious---a Whig, that he was constitutionally patriotic---or a Fellow of a College, that he was constitutionally abstemious. O, dear, no! all that is *Principle*. We claim for ourselves all the credit due to our virtues, while we burthen our constitution with our

vices; and it seems most happily ordered, that every creature, under heaven, has some failing with which he can charge his constitution.

"To be sure, here and there, one lights upon an exception. For instance, my hypochondriacal neighbour, who can eat, drink, sleep, and talk;---owns a face like a dairymaid; and a corporation only second to that of Sir William Curtis; has, to my certain knowledge, been in a dying state for the last five years, owing to 'a complication of disorders.' Wretched mortal! he has deprived himself of the most availing plea for ever. He told me, this morning, with a countenance that would have made a mile-stone melancholy, that 'it was all over with him---his case was decided on---Pelham Warren had only just told him, he could do nothing more for him---HE HAD NO CONSTITUTION AT ALL!'"

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

### THE FAIRY'S GIFT.

HASTE, Sisters! haste: a garland entwine

For a faithful youth and a maiden true,  
With roses and fragrant eglantine,  
And orange flowers and violet blue;  
And, shrouded in her mantle of green,  
The lovely lily of the vale:  
And, there, forget-me-not\* be seen,  
Fond burthen of true lover's tale;  
Sweet heart's ease, and the daisy too,  
And every flower, but hateful rue.

With myrtle leaves the flowers combine  
Like the hues of the rainbow dye;  
And mingle beams of pale moonshine  
To blend them softer for the eye:  
Dip the wreath in the dew of morn,  
That long it fresh and fragrant prove;  
And see that it hide no deadly thorn  
To wound the tender breast of love:  
And, oh! examine it through and through,  
Lest harbour there the hateful rue.

Haste, Sisters! haste again; and bring  
The purest dewy pearl, laid  
In cowslip cup, or early wing  
Of lark shakes from the bending blade;  
And crystallize that lucid tear,  
Imbued with the morning rays,  
That it may sparkle ever clear,  
And, bright with native lustre, blaze,  
Emblem of purity! to rest  
Upon a guileless, virgin breast.

Weave a zone of the twined light,  
All stainless as the mountain snows,  
Without a tint to shade the white,  
Save that which o'er the bosom glows  
Of maiden, when the whisper sweet  
Of lover first salutes her ear,  
And her soft eyes his glances meet  
All moist with joy's ecstatic tear:  
Oh! be it pure---for what should rest  
With stain upon a virgin breast?

The wreath is twined, the zone is wove,  
And crystallized the dewy tear:  
But, who shall bind this band of Love?  
And who the zone of Virtue wear?  
And on whose breast the bright pearl shine?  
For not a thought must nestle there  
That is not pure as truth divine,  
Sincere as martyr's dying prayer.  
Say, where shall we the mortal find  
With heart so true, so pure in mind?

Bring, Sisters! bring the Zone to me,  
The crystall'd tear; the wreath of flowers;  
Her breast is heaving peacefully  
Might wear that zone in angel bowers  
And beams her eye with artless smile  
Who well may grace the pearl of truth;  
And she shall throw, with playful wile,  
The wreath around her chosen youth,  
To bind him to her bosom ever,  
Enraptured now, nor more to sever!

\* *Myosotis arvensis*.

**FIRE.**—We lately mentioned the new mode of extinguishing fire in chimneys by throwing sulphur on the fire below, which has been tried at Rome. Recent experiments have fully confirmed the valuable result of this method, which is in fact perfectly consistent with the

received theory of combustion. Only, the person using it must take care not to throw on too large a quantity of sulphur, otherwise he might be exposed to inhale the noxious effluvia, which destroys animal life on the same principle that they extinguish the fire.

# VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

## SIX MONTHS IN MEXICO.

BY WILLIAM BULLOCK.

**E**VERY day adds to the political and commercial interest which we attach to the powers now developing in South America ; where we behold six or eight great states, so long held in thralldom as mere provinces of an exhausted European monarchy, rising into so many independent empires, kingdoms, or other governments—Brazil, Buenos Ayres, Chili, Peru, Columbia, and though last, not least, Mexico. Of this last mighty country, it is extraordinary how very little is directly known to the British public. Since the period of Charles II. no native of England has explored it, and written any account of his travels ; and we are therefore the more deeply indebted to Mr. Bullock, for the present straight-forward, intelligent, pleasing, and useful volume. During an active residence of above half a year in Mexico—visiting places of immense importance with which we are hardly, if at all acquainted,—examining mines, investigating antiquities,—inquiring into the trade and manufactures of the people—studying the natural history, and, in fine, observing every thing worthy of observation,—the author has obtained all the stores of information which he has here detailed in a popular form, agreeably to his purpose, and calculated to be very beneficial to his country.

Having premised this general character of his work, we can only farther illustrate it with one or two striking quotations.

Near the city of Tezcucó, formerly the Athens of Mexico, Mr. B. and his party (he tells us)

- - - " Were informed, that at a distance of only two leagues was a place called Bano de Montezuma, and that it had formerly been used as a bath by that monarch. A gentleman of the town, Don Trinidad Rosalia, offered to escort us, and in a few minutes we were on horseback : after a smart canter through cultivated grounds, and over a fine plain, bounded by the mountains of the Cordilleras, we approached a hacienda and church ; and here I expected to find the bath of which we were in search, in some subterraneous place, but learnt to my surprise that we had to mount a conical mountain called Tescosingo. We employ-

ed our horses as far as they could take us, but the unevenness of the ground at last obliged us to dismount ; and having fastened them to a nopal tree, we scrambled with great difficulty through bushes and over loose stones, which were in great quantities on all sides, and at last perceived that we were on the ruins of a very large building—the cemented stones remaining in some places covered with stucco, and forming walks and terraces, but much encumbered with earth falling from above, and overgrown with a wood of nopal, which made it difficult to ascend. In some places the terraces were carried over chasms by solid pieces of masonry ; in others cut through the living rock : but, as we endeavoured to proceed in a straight line, our labour was very great, being sometimes obliged to climb on our hands and knees. By the assistance of underwood, however, at length, after passing several buildings and terraces, the stucco of which appeared fresh and of a fine peach colour, we arrived at about two-thirds of the height of the hill, almost exhausted with our exertions ; and great indeed was our disappointment when we found that our guide had mistaken the situation, and did not know exactly where we were. Greatly chagrined, we began to retrace our steps ; and luckily in a few minutes perceived the object of our search. It was cut in the solid rock, and standing out like a martin's nest from the side of a house. It is not only an extraordinary bath, but still more extraordinarily placed. It is a beautiful basin about twelve feet long by eight wide, having a well about five feet by four deep in the centre, surrounded by a parapet or rim two feet six inches high, with a throne or chair, such as is represented in ancient pictures to have been used by the kings. There are steps to descend into the basin or bath ; the whole cut out of the living porphyry rock with the most mathematical precision, and polished in the most beautiful manner. This bath commands one of the finest prospects in the Mexican valley, including the greater part of the lake of Tezcucó, and the city of Mexico, from which it is distant about thirty miles.

" Night was fast approaching, and the sky portending a thunder-storm, we were obliged to depart ; and now I had occasion to regret the hours I had unprofitably lost at the cock-fight. I had just time to make a hurried sketch for a model, and my son to take a slight drawing, when we were reluctantly forced to quit a spot which had been the site of a most singular and ancient residence of the former monarchs of the country. As we descended, our guide showed us in the rock a large reservoir for supplying with water the palace, whose walls still remain eight feet high ; and as we examined farther, we found that the



whole mountain had been covered with palaces, temples, baths, hanging gardens, &c. ; yet this place has never been noticed by any writer.

"I am of opinion that these were antiquities prior to the discovery of America, and erected by a people whose history was lost even before the building of the city of Mexico. In our way down we collected specimens of the stucco which covered the terrace, still as hard and beautiful as any found at Portici or Herculaneum. Don T. Rosalia informed us that we had seen but the commencement of the wonders of the place ; that there were traces of buildings to the very top still discernable ;—that the mountain was perforated by artificial excavations, and that a flight of steps led to one near the top, which he himself had entered, but which no one as yet had had courage to explore, although it was believed that immense riches were buried in it.

"We regained our horses, and an hour brought us back to Tezcuco, greatly fatigued indeed, but more lamenting the little time we had been able to give to the most interesting place we had visited ; and which, it is not a little extraordinary, appears to have been unnoticed by the Spanish writers at the conquest, in whom it probably excited as little interest as it does in the present inhabitants of the city of Mexico, not one of whom could I find who had ever seen, or even heard of it. What a subject for contemplation does this collection of ruins present to the reflecting mind !—The seat of a powerful monarch, whose subjects (if we may judge from their works) were probably an enlightened people, existing and flourishing long before the Continent of America was known to Europe, and yet a people whose customs, costume, religion, and architecture, strongly resembled those of an enlightened nation of Africa, which may be said to have ceased to exist twenty centuries before this continent was discovered.—Who now can solve this difficulty ? - - -

"We returned to Tezcuco across some fine fields of corn, and having put up our horses again, commenced our rambles over this very interesting city and its suburbs, every part of which exhibits remains of its ancient grandeur ;—the raised mounds of brick are seen on all sides, mixed with aqueducts, ruins of buildings of enormous strength, and many large square structures nearly entire (which I believe to be of Mexican architecture) fragments of sculptured stones constantly occur near the church, the market-place, and palace ; a visit to which cannot fail to awaken the most interesting recollections in the mind of a person at all versed in the history of this portion of America. It was in this palace that Cortez, with his whole army, was lodged and entertained, as described in the simple narrative of Bernal Dias, whose accounts I had many opportunities of corroborating. It was in the market-place here, too, that the

zeal of the first bishop collected the documents of Mexican history, knowledge, and literature—all the Aztec paintings, manuscripts, and hieroglyphical writings ;—when, forming them into an immense pyramid, he committed them to the flames amid the unavailing prayers of the people for their preservation.

The following extract relates to another interesting excursion.

"After a vain inquiry for the celebrated pyramids of the Sun and Moon, or of St. Juan de Teotihuacan, we set off for Otumba, in the expectation of finding them near that place,—a ride of two hours over a fine country, on which the number of handsome Spanish churches and haciendas exceeds that of any part of Mexico through which I had yet travelled. We arrived at the commencement of the mountains, on which there was not a vestige of vegetable soil or vegetation, the whole being a soft iron-coloured stone, in which the continual passing of horses had worn deep tracks up to the animals' knees, and not more than fourteen inches wide, in which tracks it is very requisite to keep, in order to save the traveller from a worse road. We had thunder all the afternoon, and towards evening it rained in torrents, so that the dry beds of the rivers were in an hour filled, and poured their muddy waters in floods to the Mexican Lake, where depositing the earthy parts, it must in a short time be filled up. Upon descending the mountain, we first caught a view of the two pyramids on a plain in front of us, at about five or six miles distant, and another hour brought us, drenched with rain, just before dark, into Otumba, the first place reached by Cortez after his defeat. At this place, after being refused admittance at several houses, we with some difficulty procured shelter in an empty carpenter's shop, where, in our wet clothes, having no fire, upon a bare floor of mud, without food but not without appetite, we had a prospect of passing the night ; but observing a fire in a cottage near, I ventured to enter, and finding only an old woman and some children, I seated myself. The old lady was not at all pleased at my intrusion, but a few medias given to the children, and a dollar to herself, soon produced us bread and eggs ;—we dried our clothes, and having procured dry boards to repose ourselves upon, we passed the night in the carpenter's shop better than we expected.

"Good bread and excellent chocolate were provided for our breakfast. After a stroll round the city, which is said to have once contained 50,000 inhabitants, we examined two curious ancient columns, richly sculptured ; called upon the Padre, but he could give us no information respecting the pyramids, although they were in full view from the windows of his house. We then left this wretched and deserted place, where even the water is so bad that necessity

alone can induce any person to use it ; and proceeded to the stupendous remains, from which we were now distant about a league and a half. As we approached them, the square and perfect form of the largest became at every step more and more visibly distinct, and the terraces could now be counted. We rode first to the lesser, which is the most dilapidated of the two, and ascended to the top, over masses of falling stone and ruins of masonry, with less difficulty than we expected. On the summit are the remains of an ancient building, forty-seven feet long and fourteen wide ; the walls are principally of unhewn stone, three feet thick and eight feet high ; the entrance at the south end, with three windows on each side, and on the north end it appears to have been divided at about a third of its length. At the front of the building, with the great pyramid before us, and many smaller ones at our feet, we sat down to contemplate the scene of ancient wonders :—where the eye takes in the greater part of the vale of Mexico, its lake and city, and commands an extensive view of the plains beneath, and the mountains that bound the west of the valley.

“ It was at this place that Cortez fought and defeated the innumerable army of Indians ; after the horrible night of desolation, he expressly says, that he arrived on the plains near Otumba ; he ascended an eminence, and discovered the whole district covered with armies ; despair filled every breast, except the intrepid leader’s. The innumerable hosts of Indians arrived, and closed round the small band of Spaniards, when the dauntless Cortez, with a few horsemen, charged furiously that part of the enemy where the royal banner was carried ; the bearer was killed, the banner taken, and the whole of the immense multitude fled in consternation from the field, offering no further interruption to the retreat of Cortez through Otumba to the territory of Tlascalla.

“ I think there can be little doubt that these immense structures, which vie with the pyramids of Egypt were, at the period we are speaking of, in the same state in which they are now ; and that it was on ascending one of them that Cortez beheld the approach of the great Indian army. There is no other eminence near, which could have answered the purpose ; and if these had been objects of veneration, as temples, or places of military strength, of the people, then in use, they would no doubt have been defended, and he would not have been permitted to have approached them. On descending we partook of some refreshment, and our Indian guide procured us some pulque, which was very acceptable. I went to a cottage close by, in which were several children almost in a state of nature. I tried to entice them by presents, but could not prevail on them to come near me : they seemed much terrified at our white faces and odd dresses. We mounted, and

rode to the several small barrows that are scattered in various directions round the base of the second, and on the road to the largest pyramid ;—in some places they form regular streets running east and west.

“ Not far from the great pyramid, near a gate, lay an enormous stone, with a few sculptured ornaments. It is apparently of great antiquity. A boy who had followed us, observing that we viewed it with attention, took my son a little distance through a plantation, and showed him another of great dimensions, covered with sculpture, with a hole in the top—he supposed it a stone of sacrifice.

“ We soon arrived at the foot of the largest pyramid, and began to ascend. It was less difficult than we expected, though the whole way up, lime and cement are mixed with fallen stones. The terraces are perfectly visible, particularly the second, which is about thirty-eight feet wide, covered with a coat of red cement eight or ten inches thick, composed of small pebble stones and lime. In many places, as you ascend, the nopal trees have destroyed the regularity of the steps, but no where injured the general figure of the square, which is as perfect in this respect as the great pyramid of Egypt. We every where observed broken pieces of instruments like knives, arrow and spear-heads, &c. of obsidian, the same as those found on the small hills of Chollula ; and, on reaching the summit, we found a flat surface of considerable size, but which has been much broken and disturbed. On it was probably a temple or other building—report says, a statue covered with gold. We rested some time on the summit, enjoying one of the finest prospects imaginable, in which the city of Mexico is included. Here I found fragments of small statues and earthen ware, and what surprised me more, oystershells, the first that I had seen in Mexico ; they are a new species, and I have brought specimens home. In descending I also found some ornamental pieces of earthenware, the pattern one of which is in relief, much resembling those of China, the other has a grotesque human face. On the north-east side, at about half-way down, at some remote period, an opening has been attempted. This should have been from the south to the north, and on a level with the ground, or only a few feet above it ;—as all the remains of similar buildings have been found to have their entrances in that direction. Dr. Oteyza, who has given us the measure of these pyramids, makes the base of the largest six hundred and forty-five feet in length, and one hundred and seventy-one in perpendicular height. As to the age of the pyramids, and the people by whom they were erected, all must be a matter of mere conjecture ; no one whom I could meet with in Mexico knew or cared any thing about them. None of the inhabitants had even been to see them, though from the cathedral, both of them, as well



as Tescosingo, containing the bath of Montezuma, are distinctly visible.

"Yet no person in that neighbourhood could give me the least information respecting these wonderful structures: on asking an old Indian woman we met near the pyramids, if she could tell who made them, she replied, 'Si Signior, St. Francisco.' - - -

"The result of this little excursion of three days has thoroughly convinced me of the veracity of the Spanish writers, whose account of the cities, their immense population, their riches, and progress in the

arts among the Mexicans, are doubted by those who have never seen the country. I firmly believe all that the intelligent and indefatigable Abbe Clavigero has related of his countrymen. Had Monsieur de Pauw, or our better informed countryman, Dr. Robertson, passed one hour in Tezcucó, Tescosingo, or Huexotla, they would never have supposed for a moment that the palace of Montezuma in Mexico was a clay cottage, or that the account of the immense population was a fiction."

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

### GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

"But chance is not, or is not where thou reign'st:

Thy providence forbids that fickle pow'r

(If pow'r she be that works but to confound)

To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws."

- - - **W**HY, as for the matter o' that, Sir, what else have we got to do? Here we are, snug moored in Greenwich, riding out the gale of life till death brings our anchors home, and then our sarvice being worn through and the cable stranded, we slip and run for the haven of eternal rest. Why, Sir, if it warn't for our spinning a yarn now and then, we should spit and sputter at each other like a parcel of cats in a gutter; but by reviving the remembrance of old times when we steer'd at the same wheel, fought at the same gun, or belonged to the same watch, we likewise cherish those mutual feelings of regard which adversity cannot capsize, nor old age founder. Aye, aye, you may laugh at poor Jack, but he's got a heart for all that: he'll fight or die for his friends, and never sees his foes cowardly or ill-treated. But many of your sin-ical gemmen condemn us because we are apt to *lie* our strands a little too close, and deal in rumbusticals and comflogistications; but, bless your heart, all them there sort of pollysilly-bulls comes as natural to us as our grog, and what's the use of making a fuss about a lapsis lingo or two?—howsomever it's the way of the world to find fault with what they don't understand. Give me a rum story and a store of rum (for that's the true lick-numvity) and a good Dibdin now and then about Tom Bowline, or Meg of Wapping—aye, them are

your sentry-mentals! The women now-a-days are another guess thing to what they were when I was a youngster. There was Bet Spanker, of Plymouth; by Jupiter she was a Venus, and that's a couple of gods! There was a run from stem to stern!—there was bows and head-rails, quarter and fashion-pieces, braces and stays! Ah! she was one of your lady-ships. Then to see her full rigg'd, with her colours and pendant flying, and her tops deck'd out! Well, dy'e see, we took a Spanish galleon, and so one evening I was ashore, and got within hail. "Yo hoy!" says I. "Be off," says she.—So seeing as how it was no use to stand backing and filling, I clapp'd her alongside, fired a round or two of shiners, and ax'd her if she'd be spliced? Well, after two or three glasses, she sweetly blush'd consent; and next morning the parson read a page out of Hamilton Moore, and a better wife never swung in the same hammock.—What does a sailor know about courtships and Q-pids, doves and darts, any more than what Dibdin tells us? I hear his songs are all *preserved* in bars and crojacks by that *grate* composer, Dr. K—his as prescribes for the indigestions, or gives vent to the bellows of an organ in strains of harmony; invents capital *spectacles* for the hungry and short-sighted, and figures away at the pie-any, hop-ticks, or fiddlesticks: nothing seems to come

amiss. Well, it's a fine thing to be born a genius and have headycation.— Now I never took to my larning, 'cause, dy'e see, I was knock-knee'd; but the French made all that straight, as be-like you may see by my two wooden pins. Aye, aye, I lost them in Basque Roads that 'ere Cock-running business: but what's the use of complaining?—it makes a man neither fairer nor fatter. Here I am, after fifty years' quarrelling with the windy storm and tempest, playing at rackets with death, and ducks and drakes with old Davy, after overhauling every part of the globe from New Zealand to Greenland, from Otaheite to Tooley-street, from the United States to Basses Straits, and a hundred other places.— Here I am (that is, what's left of me) safe moored in Greenwich, bidding defiance to the dirty sharks of the world. The old song says, "Life's like a ship in constant motion;" and so I've found it. The lighter my ballast the more I heel'd to the gale. But mayhap you would like to hear a bit of yarn, Sir. I see old Sam there, blowing like a grampus to get his jawing-tacks aboard; and I know it's a hard matter for him to sit dumb-founded when his muzzle lashes are once cast off. Out tomkins, Sam, and fire away. "Why, aye, dy'e see, (says Sam,) what's the good of wasting your precious time boxing a compass that nobody can steer by?— You may just as well nail it to the binnacle at once; but howsomever, I arn't a going to give you a long prolog for a day's work, like my mess-mate there. It was somewhere about the beginning of last war I belonged to the — frigate, lying at Plymouth;— and we had a new captain appointed— indeed it was high time, for the old un was one of your—but avast, he's in t'other world, so his reck'ning's up here; and it's cowardly to rip old grievances out of the grave. Well, our new commander read his commission, and a finer-looking old gemmen never crack'd a king's biscuit. 'My lads, (says he,) I understands you've had some complaints among ye. Now all I've got to say is this here: Do your duty like men, and you shall never want for encouragement. Here's a

sweet ship and a good crew: stand by me, and I'll stand by you.' That was just what we wanted, so we give him three cheers and piped to grog. 'Where does he come from?' says Dick Bobstay. 'I don't remember hearing any thing of his bearings and distances afore to-day. What ship has he commanded?'—'Tis fifteen years since he was taken by an Algerine, after losing his masts and throwing his guns overboard in a gale of wind, (replied a young midshipman.) He has pass'd the intervening time in slavery, for every body at home thought the ship had foundered, and all hands perish'd. He has felt cruelty and will practise mercy.'—'Nobly said, young gentleman, (said Dick;) give a ship's company good officers, and a fig for cropeaus and flying Dutchmen.' Just then the word was pass'd for the coach-horses and bloods (that's the barge and galley's crews) to get harness'd, and be in readiness to go ashore on duty, as soon as the sun had gone to bathe his beams in the western wave after the toil and heat of the day. The hour arrived, and headed by the third lieutenant, we landed to press. We were just crossing one of the streets, when we fell in with a young man and a lad. 'Heave too, (said the Lieutenant, seeing they were about to sheer off;) what ship do you belong to?'—'The Adversity.'—'Adversity—Adversity,— that must be a hard ship;—there's no such name in the British navy. Where do you come from?'—'From the port of Tribulation, bound to the Straits of Difficulty.'—'Aye, aye, I see how it is, (cried an old Master's Mate)—I see how it is, they're Yankees—them there are American consarns, so we may as well make sail again.'—'Avast, (said the Lieutenant,) we must send them down to the boat.'—'By what right?' inquired the man. 'Right! (repeated one of the gang;) here's a pretty fellow! Talk about right among man-of-wars-men! Halloo, young fly-by-night! (addressing the lad,) what have you got to say why you shouldn't serve His Majesty? He'll make a smart topman, your honour.'—'Silence, Sir, and do your duty with humanity,' said the Lieutenant angrily, observing he



had grasp'd the trembling boy's arm. 'Then we may proceed.'—'No, we want hands, and my orders are imperative. You must with us.'—'Never ! (said the other, pulling forth a pistol from his breast :) My liberty is as dear to me as life, and he who robs me of one must also take the other.' The lad press'd close to his side, and after a short ineffectual struggle they were both secured, but not till the man had become senseless—aye, almost lifeless in the contest. Well, we pickt up a few more, and then returned. The frigate was unmoored, and heaving short upon the small bower when we got aboard. An express had arrived to say, that a suspicious ship had been seen off the Start, and we were ordered to overhaul her. The boats were hoisted in, and the man and lad conducted to the sick bay,—the man still senseless, the boy half dead with fright. 'Bring to,' cried the first Lieutenant. 'All ready, Sir.'—'Heave round at the capstan, and run the anchor up to the bows.'—Away danced the men to the tune of 'Off she goes.' 'Well behaved, lads, well behaved,' said the Captain from the quarter-deck. 'Heave and in sight,' was heard from the forecastle as the ponderous iron appeared above the water ; and in less than a minute the Boatswain's pipe gave signal to heave and haul. 'Hook on the cat ! Hoist away !' and the anchor was instantly run up to the cat-head. 'Haul taut the fish ! Walk away !' and the masy flukes rose gradually up the vessel's bows, till the pipe sounded, 'High enough ! Belay !' The anchor was secured, and 'Loose sails !' cried the Boatswain, after a flourish with his call. 'Bear a hand, my boys, cast off your gaskets, and shake out the reefs,' said the Captain. 'All ready, Sir.'—'Let fall ! sheet home ! hoist away !' bellowed the first lieutenant through his trumpet, and instantly that which had been only bare poles was covered with canvass 'low and aloft. Morning began to streak the east with a brighter glow as we pass'd the Mew Stone. I was at the helm. 'Well, Sims, (said the Captain, addressing the Surgeon,) did you meet with any success?'—'None, Sir ; all my inquiries have been fruit-

less. I went according to your directions, but could obtain no other intelligence than that such a person had been known there, but quitted the place without any one being able to tell where she had gone.'—'I feel grateful for your attention, my friend. Oh, Sims, when I sailed from England on that fatal cruise, I left behind me a wife and two dear children. For fifteen years these limbs have felt the galling fetter ; for fifteen years I struggled with affliction as the drowning wretch struggles hard with death, and yet a ray of hope would beam on my mind, and cast a gleam of sunshine on the future. The thoughts of freedom swelled in my breast each rising morn, and buoyed me up through the toil of the day. My dreams of night were still of home, and often have I been transported to those I loved.—I've stretch'd forth my arms in ecstasy, when the rattling of my chains awoke me to a sense of misery. At last, after repeated efforts, I escaped, and returned to my native land. I flew to the sweet spot of innocence and joy, where once—but you cannot tell my feelings. The cottage was swept away, to improve the neighboring estate. The white stone in the yard of the village-church bore the name of her—yes, my Maria lay mouldering below, my children cast abandoned on the world. Father of mercies ! from thy throne behold, protect, and restore them to a longing parent's arms !'—'Pon deck there !' shouted the man at the mast-head. 'Halloo !' replied the first Lieutenant. 'A sail on the starboard bow, Sir.'—'Port, lad, port !'—'Port it is, Sir,' says I. The Lieutenant run forward with his glass. 'Meet her, boy, meet her ! Steady !'—'Steady,' says I again. He applied his glass to his eye. 'What is she, Mr. —?' inquired the Captain. 'By the length of her legs, Sir, I should take her to be one of our own class, only heavier.'—'Beat to quarters, and see all clear for action.'—'Aye, aye, Sir Drummer, blow up a stone upon your sheep's-skin fiddle, that they may hear you at the Land's End.'—'Aye, aye, Sir.'—'Shall I show them the Buntin ?' inquired the officer. 'If you please.'—Hoist the colours abaft. Main-top

there ; take the turns out of the coach-whip.' The decks were cleared, the stoppers clapp'd upon the top-sail sheets, the yards slung, the guns cast loose—when the Boatswain roared out from the fore-castle, ' There it goes, Sir, —Try Junk in you-know\*—red, white, and blue ! Trail that gun forward, you lubber, and elevate her breech !'— ' A french Frigate, (cried the Lieutenant, rubbing his hands in ecstasy :) Now, my boys, for wooden clogs for your sweethearts.'— ' All ready with the gun,' said the gunner, casting his eye along the sight.'— ' Speak to him Bounce, and ask the news.'— ' Aye, aye, Sir, (replied the old tar as he applied the match to the priming ;) I'll whisper a word in his ear.' In a few minutes the action commenced, and at the second broadside I fell with a wound in my breast. ' Take that poor fellow below,' said the Captain, catching hold of the wheel I had left. I was carried down to the Surgeon, and from my loss of blood was unable to go again to deck. The man we had press'd the night before lay senseless on the deck, and the agitated lad sat beside him. For two hours the firing continued without ceasing, (and many a poor fellow was brought down to be dock'd,) when the drop-oh† of the Frenchman was hauled down, and three cheers resounded through the vessel, which we, in spite of our wounds, joined in. The young man was roused by it, and rising, gazed wistfully around : he grasp'd the hand of his youthful associate, and press'd it to his lips. At this moment the second Lieutenant was supported below by one of the Midshipmen and a seaman.— ' Why (said the junior officer) did you conceal your wound so long ? You are now faint : pray Heaven, it may'nt prove fatal.'— ' Let me see, (said the surgeon ;) let us hope for the best.'— The young man's waistcoat and shirt were thrown open, when, suspended from his neck, appear'd the portrait of a blooming girl. He snatch'd it in his hand, and raised it to his lips. ' Elinor, (said he,) Elinor, and must we part——part for ever !'— ' Never ! (shrieked the lad, as he sprung to his

side ;) for you Elinor has lived, and for you Elinor will die.' The Lieutenant turned his looks upon the speaker, whose voice thrill'd to his very soul.— He gazed for one moment on the pallid cheek : ' 'Tis she ! 'tis she ! my love, my Elinor !' and they sank together in each other's arms. Restoratives were immediately applied, and soon produced the desired effect. ' Why, my Elinor, are you here, and thus disguised ?'— ' Stay, Wingwood, (said she,) and I will tell you all ; but first, this (pointing to her companion,) this is my brother. You know my early history :— An orphan supported solely by his own exertions ; our father, as we supposed, perish'd in the service of his country ;— our mother sunk broken-hearted to the grave ; my brother became a sailor, and through his industry I have been maintained. A few days since we received some vague information that our honoured father still existed, and having escaped from his cruel tyrants, was still at Plymouth. We determined to ascertain the matter personally. William persuaded me to adopt this disguise, that I might the more readily escape insult if separated from him. On our arrival yesterday, with scarcely a ray of hope, we understood the person we were in search of was appointed to the command of a frigate.'— ' Her name ?' inquired the Lieutenant eagerly.— ' The Brilliant.'— ' Mysterious Heaven !' ejaculated the Surgeon as he instantly ascended the ladder to the deck. ' The Brilliant ! (reiterated the young Officer ;) 'tis plain——'tis evident——the names agree. Do you not know, my love, what ship you are now on board ?'— ' No.'— ' Oh, Elinor, this—this is the Brilliant frigate.'— ' This the Brilliant ! (faintly articulated the brother of Elinor, struggling to rise ;) but my head is strangely disordered ; yet if you have mercy, ask him—ask the Captain if ever he remembers my dear mother's name. Beg him to say if Maria Wentworth ever held a sacred spot in his breast.'— ' She did ! she did ! (exclaimed a voice, descending down the hatchway.) My children ! my children !' and the Captain immediately folded them in his arms. What need of saying more ? We bore up for Dartmouth

\* *Tria juncta in uno*, we fancy.—*Ed.*

† *Drapeau*—ensign, we presume.



with our prize. The Lieutenant, whose wound was but slight, was made hap-

py, and all hands had a double allowance of grog." AN OLD SAILOR.

# PRINCE HOHENLOHE AND HIS MIRACLES.

(Blackwood's Edin. Mag.)

**W**HETHER from lack of matter or lack of brains I cannot tell, but the Irish parliament, weary of expending their verbal ammunition upon politics, have turned it to theology, and undertaken a crusade against heretic unbelievers, under the happy auspices of a princely German quack, a superannuated Irish titular archbishop, four or five friars, two or three medical doctors, a hypochondriacal matron, and an hysterical miss, supported by skirmishers and Kerry evidences, *ad libitum*, in the shape of editors, essayists, attestators, &c. The success of this holy campaign appears indubitable. Entrenched within the impregnable walls of a Dublin nunnery, defended by a second Joan of Arc, sanctified by the benediction of infallibility, the good old cause of Popish miracles defies the puny malice of its once potent foes,—wit, learning, truth, honesty, and common sense. Much as I reverence this unlooked-for revival of exuberant Faith, which can not only remove mountains, but make them, I have some doubts whether it will operate favourably for the advancement of Irish catholics to a British legislature. John Bull is a matter-of-fact sort of fellow, mightily given to apply that faculty called reason to all subjects that come within the range of his discussion, somewhat distrustful of sanctified appearances, afraid of wolves in sheep's clothing, and horribly alarmed by the idea of being priest-ridden, in consequence of what he once suffered from such sticking and troublesome jockeys. When he considers the number and magnitude of evils and misfortunes under which an entire nation really suffers, he will find it impossible to believe that the God of all the earth, leaving these to the ordinary course of Providence, or regarding them as beneath his care, should employ the visible arm of Omnipotence in enabling a few knaves or fools to work a couple of miserable and insignificant miracles! to make a sulky miss recover

the use of her tongue, and a bed-ridden nun the use of her limbs! *Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus*. I am afraid he will consider it less as a proof of divine condescension than of divine displeasure—of intellect miserably degraded, of shameless bigotry, and of triumphant superstition! I shall be glad to know how Mr. Brougham likes this novel specimen of senatorial qualification exhibited by his new clients—whether it will animate his zeal in the cause of such liberal, pious, and enlightened petitioners—whether he will feel much satisfaction in contemplating the powerful legislative assistance, he, the proud champion of civil and religious liberty, is, if successful, likely to obtain from the disciples and admirers of Prince Hohenlohe, from believers in all the trumpery of monkish lies and legends, from the defenders of pious frauds, from the assertors of all the spiritual rights, powers, privileges, and immunities of the Hispano-Hibernian church, and from the volunteer advocates of miracles in a Dublin nunnery! Happy qualifications for the exercise of legislative functions in a British senate of the 19th century!!

In times of national barbarism, when pious fraud was deemed requisite for the subjugation of minds incapable of rational persuasion, and accessible only through their fears, the miracle-monger might have found some apology for his deception in the necessity of deceiving. To see it resorted to *now*, to see the divine truths of Christianity thrown into the back-ground, and a confederacy of sacerdotal jugglers exhibiting their legerdemain, with nuns and nunneries; to see popular ignorance, rusticity, and superstition, not endeavoured to be removed by moral and rational instruction, but endeavoured to be retarded and confirmed by the grossest frauds of the grossest ages, is no less to be wondered at than deplored. Occasional instances of fancied inspiration, of enthusiastic ra-

ving, or of monkish quackery, would never surprise; from individual acts of deceit, of folly, and of falsehood, no state of society is or ever will be exempt. But to behold the highest dignitaries of a church calling itself Christian, and professing to be the lineal possessor of apostolic virtue, the perfect pattern of evangelical rectitude, and the sole depository of divine commission—to see also a sage assembly of self-constituted senators, claiming more than an equal share of natural talent, of acquired knowledge, of legal ability, and of liberal patriotism; to see all these, I say, sanctifying, sanctioning, and defending the miserable delusion, while not a single voice among the host of that church's educated and well-informed followers, raises a fresh sound in defence of reason and truth, is wonderful and astonishing indeed!!! If they believe this linsey-woolsey compound of Irish and German manufacture—what must we call them—Fools.—If they do *not*, I leave my readers to find the appropriate appellation.

Instances of providential favour and protection, both to nations and to individuals, have been, and now are, sufficiently apparent in God's moral government of the world. The records of the past, and the experience of the present, abundantly attest the overruling direction and allwise and almighty Power. Although the clear voice of reason proclaims the necessity of miracles to the primary support of our divine religion, at a time when every human power, prejudice, and passion warred against it, yet does she employ an equal strength of argument in demonstrating the futility of fancying that they are to remain when those obstructions have been overcome, and the system they were wanting to establish, secured upon an immovable foundation. It must be no ordinary cause that will induce the Deity to change the settled course of things, invert his own rules, and disturb the order of Nature, for such is the power possessed by the real, and claimed by the pretended performer of miracles—Who fed starving multitudes, and covered shivering nakedness, in the land of miracles in 1823? The power and

goodness of God unquestionably; but it was the goodness and power of God naturally operating on the minds of the generous and beneficent in both islands, and in a more particular and transcendent degree on those of the *heretical* inhabitants of Great Britain.—It is thus that the Christian revelation attests the divinity of its origin, maintains its character, and displays its influence. It is thus that the true professor is distinguished from the spurious, by higher views, deeper reflections, and more exalted sentiments, by his attachment to the substance, his disregard for the show. Girt with the invulnerable panoply of celestial truth, diffusing its radiance, though with unequal lustre, over all the earth, and receiving hourly accessions to its strength, Christianity scorns the puny aid of the bigot's narrow dogmas, or the wonder-worker's fragile crutch. It spurns at the appearance of pious imposture, whether the result of simple superstition, of stupid credulity, of grovelling ignorance, or of unworthy artifice. It rests for support on its moral fitness for the wants of man, its adaptation to every stage and condition of life, the simplicity of its principles, the purity of its doctrines, and the sublimity of its truth. If the DIVINE WORD has not been written in vain, we know already, or at least it is our own fault if we do *not* know, as much of its nature, obligations, and exalted excellence, as can possibly be imparted. All that remains to the pastor is to teach, and all that remains for the *disciple*, is to follow the instructions of the MASTER.—This, and this only, constitutes the sum and substance of the Gospel Covenant; this is to act in accordance with the beneficent intention of the heavenly Author; this is, in the best, and only present sense of the words, to give EYES TO THE BLIND, and FEET TO THE LAME. The Church which departs from these principles, and substitutes her own prescriptions for those of the celestial Healer, written, as they are, in never-fading colours, and attested by inspired and incorruptible witnesses, may deck herself with what titles or garments she pleases, but *her* religion is *not* the religion of Jesus Christ.



## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

(Euro. Mag.)

### LEAVING TOWN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "HERMIT IN LONDON."

"Solvitur acris hyems."—Horat.

**I**N the olden times, the passing away of the severity of winter, and the milder influence of spring's approach, might prepare the nobleman or man of fashion for a journey to his estate, and might remind him, that it was time to give up the pleasures of town, and to sojourn amongst his tenantry in the country; the coach-and-six would be ordered to the door, with a suitable retinue, and the cavalcade would move, in ordinary time, and arrive in stateliness at the family mansion, in a given period, proportioned to its distance from the metropolis. The leaving town is now a matter of more difficulty, the season is much further advanced, and the departure more like a retreat than a journey. Seldom is it orderly, sometimes it is a complete race; obstacles not unfrequently present themselves on the day of march, so that the London campaign ends in a hostile scene; family disagreements form a part of the skirmish, regret is attendant on the footsteps of past pleasure, whilst the exhausted purse and wounded heart bear a memento of the winter season. The better to elucidate this statement, let us take a scene in the living romance of life.

"The Ostler is come from Newman's, Sir, to know at what hour you will want the post-horses?" says the first footman of a man of fashion in the autumn of life. "Tell him that I shall give him a crown for his trouble, but that I cannot leave town to-day; he may come at two o'clock to-morrow afternoon, or—let him call at twelve for orders; but stop, John, let me have the four greys that I always have, and his master may send in his bill at the same time; and—hark ye, John! take this down to Drummond's (a letter,) and bring back an answer." John obeys—"The devil's in the people! there is not a single bill here before me (the number being immense) that is not five times what it ought to be. John!" "Sir." "Send up the housekeeper." She comes—"Pray what is this bill of

Gunter's, as long as my arm? what! all that for fruit and ices? One hundred, two hundred,—brought forward two hundred and forty, what! more still? why the man's mad; he takes me for a natural." "No, indeed! Sir Charles, it is all right." "All right!" Yes, I suppose, as it is with a mail coach, 'all right!' so drive on; but that wont do, what is it for?" "A supper, Sir Charles! a supper ordered by my lady." "It never came into the house." "Yes, indeed! it did, Sir, it was whilst you were at Newmarket." "Ay, that's another memorandum of ruin; but go on, pray who in the name of wonder is Mr. Greenfield, the nurseryman? Nursery maids are destructive articles enough, but what is this claimant upon four pages of paper?" "Evergreens, rare flowers, and shrubs, for my Lady's first party; it has been owing these four months."—"And, (interrupting Mrs. Harrison) shall for as many years, I have not the least recollection of it."—"Sir Charles, here is an account from the musicians." (Sir Charles in reply)—"Not very likely to increase the *harmony menage*; I have been prettily fiddled and diddled by these performers this spring, but they must just be so good as to wait my time, or I will never employ them again. Let me see your account, Harrison; by Jove, this can never be right; it must be cast up twice over. What! a hundred and odd pounds for items and sundry things forgotten in last account? I wish that your memory had not served you better in the present one. Postage of letters! ah! that's a hum.—Money lent Miss Sophia—what! twenty pounds in crowns and sovereigns! Then again—'paid for messages:' pray have we not six tall, long-sided footmen; a porter, like two single men rolled into one; and nearly as many grooms as horses?" "Yes, Sir Charles, but then Miss Sophia and her sister would often not take patience until some of them came in, and would despatch a

chairman to her dress maker for fear she might send some article of dress too late, and the *like of that*." "A pretty *like of that*, to come to such an amount! and pray where is the poodle puppy for which you make a *little modest item* of five guineas?" "Oh! Sir, he was stolen three days after we bought him; I advised Mistress not to take him, as I know that *they* fellows who sell them, always entice them back again, but she would have her way." "You may say that, Harrison, and so I must pay five guineas for a puppy that I never saw, to my remembrance, and which is now running up and down the streets, with many other puppies that I wish I had never seen?" "If you please, Sir Charles."—"I cannot say that it *pleases* me very much, but come up again when I send for you, and in the mean time order Atkinson (the house steward) to come to me;" (he arrives)—"I see in Monsieur Ladrone's account, liqueurs, Florence wine, and Macaroni, charged twice over, the same articles on the same day." "No, Sir, there is a mistake in the date, but the articles were had, it's all right." "All right, ha! why, this seems to be a cant word amongst you, and—(turning over a mountain of bills,) here's an account of Martel's, the wine merchant, in which he charges me for the champagne which I returned to him." "No, Sir, that wine was returned; but it is other wine that was sent, it was certainly had, Sir."—"Yes, below stairs, I suppose, and I am *had* if I pay it, but I will see about it to-morrow, tell my daughter to come here." "Yes, Sir Charles, I'll speak to her maid." "I dare say you will—Sophy, love, I thought you told me that Madame Tournetete's bill was one hundred and six pounds, and I here find it one hundred and sixty-six." "Yes Pa, it's all right." "D—n the all right." "Indeed it is, (smiling,) I had a robe of *gros de Naples* and a ball-dress of *tulle* since that." "Well, Sophy, it is no laughing matter to me, but it must be paid; recollect that you must not ride the grey horse to-day, as he goes off to-morrow." "What horse then?" "None, my dear girl; you know that I am forced to put off

my departure on account of the heavy bills which have come in, and pray let the horses have one day's rest, and give me one day's quiet after four months high fever." "Very well, pa."

But Miss Sophia rides the black horse, for she has Horace Wildair to meet, and many a tender adieu to give and take, besides an arrangement to make as to where his letters can be directed to. John returns without money, the banker being greatly overdrawn upon, and the next day a power is given to sell out, to make up which, the woods at Clover-hall will groan in a few months. Dun follows dun, on the morning of departure, until irritated nearly to phrenzy, Sir Charles tells the post-boys 'to drive like h—ll!' a pretty *cool* way of setting off! her Ladyship pants all the way at the *jobation* (as she calls it) which her losses at play produced; and fair Sophy "looks and sighs, sighs and looks, looks and sighs, and looks again," as she passes the lodging in Picadilly, where her favourite Lancer sleeps out his noon-day slumbers, in debt, in love, and in the dumps. Such is the state of father, daughter, and *dear mamma*.—With how little comfort or satisfaction can the family behold the summer, already far advanced, the flowers of spring faded away, the dreams of delight vanished on airy wing, cares and mistrusts multiplied, purses and pocket books dwindled into delicate form, or empty as the imagined joys of the season; or as the emptier heads of those who pursued them!

Such is *one* leaving town; others are still more difficult. It is an important hour for the spendthrift; the idler; the romantic female of *bon ton*; the exquisite of feeling, and of dress. The blood hounds of the law hunt the former out of town; the second can find no charms in nature and in rural scenes; the third is in mourning for past scenes, if not past sins, and has no resource but the circulating library to solace her until her return to town.—The exquisite of feeling has had her little fluttering heart flattered and flirted, *waltzed* and *quadrilled* away, the void is insupportable; the last must have a neck-and-neck race with



his tailor to Dover, thence to embark for the continent,—or will leave town, for a blind, and rusticate three months afterwards in the prospects of the Obelisk and in St. George's Fields, where he will wait until he meets his old friends, with long faces, in the persons of his jeweller, his perfumer, his horse-dealer, his livery-stable keeper, with all his other quality serving tradesmen, not forgetting the Jew, the attorney, and the hotel keeper.

Happy the man, who, having resided in town for moderate recreation, or for the discharge of his senatorial or other duties, can calmly quit his town house, and post it down in good health and spirits to his family seat, there to gladden every heart ; to improve a property transmitted to him by his ancestors, to promote the interests of agriculture and of patriotism ; to maintain the character of hospitality of sire and grand-sire ; to provide for the working poor by furnishing them with industrious employment, and to relieve the aged and infirm. The harvest-home and autumnal sports will be enlivened and honoured by his presence, and the old

English Christmas festivities will close the period of his residence amongst kind neighbours and prosperous tenantry ; when he may again meet the high circle of his town mansion, without fear of having it run down by creditors ;—pigeoned by birds of prey ; winged in an affair of folly, growing out some gaming-table, tavern, or play-house quarrel ; or bring the retributive sacrifice to unlawful inclination, or to the transgressions of gallantry in high life :—there will be no slipping off, edging off, making off, or moonlight march ; no Sunday's departure, or unperceived disappearance ; all will be honest and above board, a kind farewell will be uttered by esteeming acquaintances ; and the Morning Post will notice his Lordship, or the Baronet, or the independent wealthy Commoner's leaving town, for his manor, or a watering-place, without dread of exposure to those who have him in their columns in the shape of a debtor ; and who wish to have him out of their books in the way of payment instead of the form of ill-report.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

(Lond. Lit. Gaz.)

#### MASTER GEORGE ASPULL, THE MUSICAL PRODIGY.

**T**HE fame of this youthful musician has already spread far and wide. His precocious and extraordinary talents have not only attracted the notice of the profession and of fashion, but been honoured by the regards of royalty itself ; and His Majesty, one of the finest judges of music in the kingdom, has been pleased to express his warmest approbation of the boy's performances.

Having heard much of this phenomenon, and seeing a concert advertised for the display of his powers on the 14th, at the King's Concert Rooms,\* we were desirous of ascertaining the nature and extent of his accomplishments,

and, if so astonishing as report gave out, something of the history of their origin, growth, and promise. In attaining this object we have indeed enjoyed a very high gratification. Young ASPULL is a surprising instance of genius ; and affords one of those rare examples of mind, so early imbued with superiority in a particular branch of science, as to make philosophy pause on the disputed doctrine between acquisition and intuition.

This child, for he is no more, is now about eight years and a half old, and has cultivated his musical faculty for a little more than three years ; for he had reached the age of five before it developed itself so much as to excite attention. Since then, however, it has been sedulously improved by his father ; and he has already attained that proficien-

\* This bids fair to be a great treat : it commences at eight o'clock, and the bill embraces some of the best music we know, and in the hands of the most popular performers—Pasta, R. de Begnis, Stephens, Patou, Garcia, Curioni, Kellner, Cramer, Greator, &c. &c.

cy which renders him so remarkable. It is not easy to convey by description an adequate idea of his astonishing characteristics. His appearance is altogether very interesting ; and his manners are playful and pleasing, like those of other fine boys of his age. When seated at the instrument, it seems as if his soul and body were part of its movements and the tones produced—there is no effort, and the whole is like one piece of curiously organized mechanism. His execution is firm, certain, and brilliant ; and this is the more surprising when you watch the little hand (which resorts to so many expedients, unnecessary when it is of sufficient stretch) overcoming all the difficulties of the most difficult pieces that ever were composed to try the skill of a performer. His ear, it need hardly be said, is perfect. This is evident from his play ; but was made much more strikingly so by an experiment which he had several times tried. A bar of music was sung to him, and he instantly repeated it on the pianoforte in the same key with the truth of an echo ;—and then, starting away, composed an extempore piece upon it, beautiful and various in itself, and never departing from the original theme ! This wonderful effort he repeated as often as he was asked, and always with the same success ; which clearly proved that nature had endowed him with these extraordinary qualities, beyond aught which art or instruction could give.—He also sung with great sweetness ; and altogether delighted the company assembled to witness his performances.

Our object in penning this brief account, is to make this admirable child more generally known to the public, and consequently to recommend him to the encouragement and patronage he so eminently deserves. What may be the result of his future progress it is impossible to predict ; but surely, if not spoiled by mismanagement, and properly taken care of, we may anticipate that he will become one of the brightest ornaments the musical world ever saw.—His appearance, and that of \*young

Lixt at Paris, may give an interest to, and have an interest reflected by the following account, taken from Grimm's Correspondence, of the first appearance of Mozart in Paris in 1763.

“ True prodigies are so rare, that it is worth while to speak of one when we have had an opportunity of seeing it. A musician of Saltzburg, of the name of Mozart, has arrived here with two very pretty children. The girl, who is about eleven years of age, plays the harpsichord in the most brilliant manner ; she performs the greatest and most difficult pieces with the most astonishing precision. The brother, who is not yet seven years old, is so extraordinary a phenomenon, that it is almost impossible to believe what we see with our eyes and hear with our ears. It is a trifle for this child to execute, with the greatest correctness, with hands that can hardly reach a sixth : what is most astonishing, is to see him play from his fancy, for an hour together, and follow the inspiration of his genius and a crowd of beautiful ideas, which he introduces with taste, and without confusion. The most accomplished leader of a band cannot be more profoundly skilled than he, in the knowledge of harmony and of modulations, which he knows how to conduct by uncommon means, but always correctly.—He is so perfectly master of his instrument, that if a napkin is laid upon the keys, he plays upon the napkin with the same rapidity and precision. He can not only decypher whatever is set before him, but he writes and composes with wonderful facility, without wanting to approach the instrument and to seek the chords. I wrote him a minuet with my own hand, and begged him to put a bass to it ; the child took the pen, and without the help of the harpsichord, wrote a bass to my minuet. You may suppose that he finds no difficulty in transposing and playing any air you lay before him, in whatever key you please. But the following fact, though I have seen it, appears to me incomprehensible. A lady asked him the other day if he could accompany by his ear, and without seeing it, an Italian cavatina, which she knew by heart : she began to sing—the child

\* It is to be observed, that the young Hungarian, Lixt, is twelve years of age, and does not yet compose. His extraordinary performances seem rather the effect of interest and feeling than of science.



tried a bass which was not absolutely correct, because it is impossible to prepare beforehand the accompaniment of a song which you do not know. When the air was finished, he begged the lady to sing it again, on which he not only played the tune with his right hand, but added the bass with the other, without any confusion; after which he begged her ten times to begin again, and every time changed the style of his accompaniment: he would have repeated it

twenty times if he had not been stopped. It would be no wonder if this child were to turn my head, if I were to see him often."

Quite as much, or more, may be said of our native genius, young ASPULL, and we sincerely hope that he will meet with that kind and fostering protection, which will reflect honour on those who bestow it, and produce, (in all probability) the noblest effects upon him.

(Euro. Mag.)

### MY DYING FRIEND.

YES, we must part—I feel we must—  
Our hope for thee is past;  
The form I love will soon be dust—  
So noble to the last!  
The hand of death is o'er thee now,  
The chill is on thy pallid brow,  
Thy life is ebbing fast.  
I breathe, while yet I gaze on thee,  
That farewell, till eternity.

Oh! why my hand so feebly clasp  
Within a faint embrace?  
Nay still, retain it in thy grasp,  
But turn from me thy face;  
Oh! do not gaze upon me so,  
As thou would'st read my soul, as tho'  
Thy rayless eye could trace  
In me the workings of despair,  
To know that death is busy there.

For thou wilt die, in death will sleep  
What worth and honour gave;  
While truth and virtue vainly weep,  
And genius cannot save.  
A noble mind with thee will die,  
Lost, lost to all beneath the sky,  
When thou art in thy grave.  
That form, but clay, cold soon will be  
All that this world retains of thee.

Oh! let me gaze on thee once more,  
My friend, once ere we part;  
Thy cares, thy woes, will soon be o'er,  
And calm that throbbing heart.  
But, if my feelings follow thee,  
My thoughts, my joys, my hopes, to be  
With thee, where'er thou art,  
I would not break thy tranquil sleep,  
For those alone who live I weep.

I must not think, I dare not dwell  
On days, on joys no more;  
To me, it would be sweet to tell  
Of them, though they are o'er;  
To me, no cloud can overcast  
The sunny influence of the past,—  
'Tis only gloom before—  
But, ah! why waken in thy breast  
Those mortal feelings that must rest.

Why should I shed the selfish tear,  
Or heave the selfish sigh?  
Oh! would my heart retain thee here?  
Thee—from thy kindred sky?  
Forgive the earthly bosom's thrill,  
Mine cleaves to human nature still;  
I mourn that thou must die.  
I feel, I feel that we must part,  
Alas that feeling rends my heart.

### SABBATH DAYS.

BY BERNARD BARTON, THE QUAKER POET.

(Eclectic Review, July.)

TYPES of eternal rest—fair buds of bliss,  
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by week;  
The next world's gladness imag'd forth in this—  
Days of whose worth the Christian heart can speak.

Eternity in Time—the steps by which  
We climb to future ages—lamps that light  
Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,  
Yielding redemption for the weeks dull flight,

Wakeners of prayer in Man—his resting bowers  
As on he journies in the narrow way,  
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours  
Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fix'd by God for intercourse with dust,  
To raise our thoughts, and purify our powers;  
Periods appointed to renew our trust,—  
A gleam of glory after six days' showers!

A milky way mark'd out through skies else drear,  
By radiant suns that warm as well as shine—  
A clue, which he who follows knows no fear,  
Tho' briars and thorns around his pathway twine.

Foretastes of Heaven on earth—pledges of joy  
Surpassing fancy's flights, and fiction's story—  
The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy,  
And the bright out-courts of immortal glory!

(Euro. Mag.)

## THE TRAITOR'S GRAVE.

"With fairest flowers,  
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave : thou shalt not lack  
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose."

*Shakspeare.*

**B**ENEATH the shelter of a hedge, in a meadow, a short distance west of Cardiff Castle, may, (or *might* at least a few years ago,) be seen a small mound of earth, ornamented during the months of spring and summer, not only with the choicest flowers of the field, but also with many others which serve to decorate the gardens of the peasant ; the cowslip, the primrose, the violet, and the wall-flower flourished in wild, but neglected luxuriance ; while the rose-mary and southern wood, and thyme, loaded the air with their powerful perfume, and served to embellish the spot during those months when the charms of their less hardy companions had shrunk before the chilling blasts of winter. No person claimed them as his own, or attended to them as they appeared ; and both the flower and shrub seemed to spring into existence, apparently for no other purpose than

"To waste their sweetness on the desert air."

It is true they escaped not the sharp eye of the school-boy in his daily rambles, but they remained unmolested even by his thoughtless and all-plundering hand. He would admire them as he passed ; or, mayhap, stoop down to inhale more effectually the odour which they emitted--it was all he dared to do, for some invisible being seemed to whisper him "thus far shalt thou go and no farther." Obedient to the voice, he left them where they were, nor ever ventured to gather them, to give them a place in his nosegay. Thus, in the place where they first blossomed, they withered and decayed, no one being found so irreverent as to pluck them, for they were guarded by the spell which superstition frequently casts around the final resting-place of man. The spot was known by the name of "the Traitor's Grave," and the circumstances connected with it are thus preserved in the records of tradition.

During the civil wars when the victorious Cromwell, after having brought nearly the whole of England into subjection, by the matchless prowess of his arms, was proceeding with his accustomed vigour to chastise the few bold spirits who were still firmly attached to the cause of the king, in the principality, he met with an unexpected opposition from the Governor of Cardiff Castle, who, notwithstanding the terror of Cromwell's name, sent a bold defiance in answer to the herald, who, in the name of the Parliament summoned him to surrender,—"I hold my Castle from the King," exclaimed the haughty Beauford, "and to him only will I give it up." Cromwell enraged at this answer, and still more so at the unlooked for obstacle, thus suddenly starting up to check, as it were, the rapidity of his conquests, commanded his officers instantly to commence the siege of the place. The command was hardly given ere it was obeyed. The trenches were dug, and batteries erected, with the rapidity which always marked the movements of the rebel army, when headed by the commander, who this day led them on. The works were not begun till some time after sun-rise, yet before noon the siege had regularly commenced, and the lofty battlements of Cardiff Castle rung with the sounds of the invader's cannon as they

"Roar'd aloud,

"And from their throats with flash and cloud,  
"Their showers of iron threw."

The massy walls of the Castle however resisted stoutly ; and suffered no very material injury, from the repeated discharges of the enemy's artillery, which failed in every attempt to make a breach : thus passed the first day.

On the morning of the second day, the parliamentary general again sent his challenge for them to surrender, but the herald returned with an answer



of similar import with the first. Cromwell was not a man who could be induced to waste his time in fruitless parleys; and when he found that threats were unavailable, he instantly had recourse to more powerful arguments. These therefore he ordered once more to be brought into action against the enemy, in hopes that his cannon would accomplish that, which his flag of truce had failed to do,—to bring the garrison to reason. The second day however closed, without bringing with it any greater hopes of success, than that which had preceded, at least it appeared so to the besiegers, who having of late been accustomed to sudden and easy surrenders, began to despair of being able to reduce a fort that had thus for two days gallantly withstood their hitherto irresistible artillery. Even Cromwell himself grew fearful of the event, and could ill brook that a single castle should thus be able to retard his march, and occasion him such loss of time, men, and ammunition. Nor was this all: he beheld with no small degree of chagrin, that the friends of Charles, taking advantage of his present stationary position, were preparing for a vigorous defence, and strengthening their respective castles for this purpose against his approach. The unsuccessful attempt of the second day had indeed so far emboldened some of the more daring royalists, that they ventured under cover of the night, to attack his very camp, succeeded in driving in the picquets, and caused such confusion among the troops, that it was not until Cromwell himself came forward, that the intruders were driven back, and order restored. This unfortunate incident, made him sensible of the awkward situation in which he was placed, and convinced him of the absolute necessity of altering his present plan of action as speedily as possible, as he saw that by occupying his present position, unless the garrison very shortly capitulated, the longer he remained there, the greater would be his disgrace, if, from any circumstance he should be at last compelled to give up the undertaking. He therefore formed a determination in his own mind, of raising the siege on the succeeding night, in

case he proved as unsuccessful on that (the third) day as he had hitherto been. He determined however by his conduct, not to give the enemy any ground to entertain such hope, and obedient to his command, upon the appearance of day-light, the batteries were again mounted, and every gun put into requisition. Nothing could possibly have withstood the fire of this day, except the most determined bravery on the part of the besieged; this they happily possessed; and, the military skill shown by their engineers was such, that ere sun set, they had effected the destruction of nearly the whole range of batteries, which had been erected by the enemy, in order to effect a breach. But, unfortunately, this was not done until their own walls were in such a shattered condition, that another such day must inevitably have sealed their fate, by compelling them to surrender whether they willed or willed not.

Under these circumstances, on the part of the garrison, Sir J. Beauford consented after much solicitation, to call a council of the officers who composed it, in order that some measures for their mutual safety might be speedily adopted in the present emergency; for the ramparts had given way in several places, and it would be vain to attempt a resistance, should the enemy endeavour to force an entrance, as breaches were visible in every part of the fortifications. The approach of night was the only thing which prevented them taking immediate advantage of these circumstances. At the time appointed, the council assembled; despair was plainly depicted upon the features of those who composed it; but at the same time their bandaged appearance, told that they had resolution even in despair. Though each person was in his place, yet no one ventured to break the ominous silence which reigned in the apartments. At length Beauford himself addressed those around him—"Fellow Officers," said he, "This Castle was confided to my keeping by the King, and it is my intention to be faithful to the trust. We have assembled here to consult further means for its safety: to *this* point confine then, your observations and advice,

for mark me! the first among you who counsels, or even hints at submission, shall be shot, though that shot were the last in the garrison! We have met here to *defend*, and not to *betray* our trust! and, while two stones hold together, let no one talk of yielding!—Struck by these remarks, and by the manner in which they were spoken, every one remained silent; for each had, in his own mind, come there for no other purpose than to form some plan for the preservation of their lives, and if no other could be found to agree to the terms for capitulation, should the Castle be again attacked, as it was utterly impossible to defend it longer, and madness to attempt any resistance farther than was necessary, in order to obtain from the victor as favourable terms as possible. The passionate Beauford, as the silence still continued, turned to those around him, and knitting his eye-brows, until his countenance appeared to put on the look of a dæmon, giving vent to his rage, exclaimed aloud,—“Was I summoned here to be made a fool of, or, cowards as you are, think you that like yours, my heart harbours thoughts which my tongue dares not express. Begone, I say, to your posts, and leave the care of providing for the Castle’s safety to me, since you appear to have forgotten the respect which you owe to your governor, as well as your duty to your King! Begone, I say, begone!” Stung by such unmerited reproaches, a young, but intrepid looking cavalier instantly started from his seat, “A truce to your reproaches, Sir John. That they are unjust, the wounds and scars we bear will testify, and vindicate our honour from the false charge of cowardice. We have neither forgotten our duty to our King, nor to our Governor; but when the latter so far forgets himself, as to accuse those falsely who have cheerfully shed their best blood, at his bidding, and neglects to provide for their safety in the hour of danger, it is time they look to themselves. Hear me then, I care not for the effects of your threatened vengeance. I have hitherto fought as becomes a loyal subject of King Charles, but will fight no longer, unless the terms of a surrender be first agreed on, in case the rebels

venture to renew the attack to-morrow. Agree to this, and my sword is again at your service, else never. These are my thoughts, nor do I *fear* to utter them; now do your worst!” Beauford, who had with great difficulty retained possession of his seat, till the speaker had concluded, no sooner perceived he had done, than he drew his sword, and rushing forwards, proceeded to put his threat into immediate execution; and most likely Walter Sele would have paid the forfeit of his life for his temerity, had not those around wrested the weapon of death from the hands of the Governor; who, enraged at being thus thwarted, darted from the chamber, swearing he would have every soul of them shot for rebels.

At this time, when the enemy from without, and faction from within, threatened the Castle with certain destruction, there were, besides the military who composed the garrison, within its walls, several ladies, whose friends or relatives, anxious for their safety, had placed them there as beyond the reach of danger, upon the approach of the rebel army. Among these was Deva Milton, the orphan daughter of an old Cavalier. No more is known of the maid, than that she was fair, whether in the opinion of the world or not, it matters little, it is enough that she was so in the eyes of Walter Sele. To *him* she was “the *fairest* of the fair.” He loved her, and would like every *true* lover, have risked his life to serve her. To her little chamber it was he repaired, when released from the duties of the day, and in her company he was glad to forget, for awhile, the dangers which surrounded him. Here, therefore, it was that he hastened upon his escape from the council-room; and here he determined to remain patiently, until informed that the savage rage of the Governor was cooled, and time, by replacing reason upon her throne, should have made him sensible of the error which he had committed. A time, alas! that Walter was not fated to behold.

It appears, however, that he was not the only person among the besieged, who was sensible of the charms of the fair Deva. The commandant himself, who, to his unshaken loyalty, (almost



his only virtue,) added all that licentiousness and profligacy which characterised in a greater or less degree, the reign of every monarch of the Stuart line; had also beheld and admired her charms, but alas! beheld, and admired them with the most dishonourable feelings; and he seized what appeared to him a favourable moment, when the officers were engaged in more important matters, to gratify his lust; glorying in the idea that he should, at the same time, by this means, inflict the most cruel of all punishments upon the unfortunate being, who had offended him; and blast for ever his brightest hopes, by ruining her who was far dearer to him than his own life.

Having gained admission into the apartment, he proceeded to flatter and menace by turns, but all in vain. Her virtue was alike proof against both; she upbraided him with his baseness and villany, and replied to his remarks, with taunts and reproaches. Enraged at her conduct, he seized her rudely, and was proceeding to gratify by force, both his revenge and his passion. His feeble victim shrieked aloud for assistance, but the echo of her voice was the only answer she received. Spite of the resistance which she made, one minute more would have decided the struggle, and the fair Deva would have been—fair no longer. At this crisis the room-door yielded to the strong nerves of Sele, who snatching a pistol from his belt, rushed upon the villain, whom he saw before him, and presented it to his head; but even at this critical juncture he still retained presence of mind, sufficient not to discharge it, lest, by any accident, the contents should injure her to whose rescue he had thus opportunely arrived. Beauford, on feeling so rude a grasp, let go the hold of his intended victim, and turned round to oppose this sudden and unlooked for enemy. It was now no time for parley. In an instant the sword of each had left its scabbard. "Coward and slaye, by heaven you shall not again escape me!" "Neither slave nor coward," exclaimed the injured youth, as he recognised the well-known sound of the governor's voice, "and that Beauford will soon discover

too." Flinging the pistol from his hand, he prepared instantly for the attack. The weapons met with the quickness of lightning, and though the event seemed to all appearance to depend more upon which was the strongest arm, yet the blows, however irregular and fierce, were frequently parried off with great skill, as each in turn became the assailant. The combat lasted but a few minutes; for the foot of Beauford striking against an iron-ring in the floor, he stumbled, when putting out his sword to prevent his falling it snapt, and of course occasioned that which it was intended to prevent. The issue of the strife seemed now determined; but it was not so: for on Sele's springing forward to disarm his adversary, he received the contents of a pistol in his left shoulder, and fell prostrate beside him. A party of the guard who had been alarmed by the noise which the combat had necessarily occasioned, now rushed into the apartment, when Beauford, springing up, commanded them to raise his wounded opponent, and to do as they were bid. He was instantly obeyed, and the soldiers, having bound him as well as they were able, at the moment, followed the steps of their governor, who led the way to the foot of the staircase; where, opening a low and narrow door, he descended a few steps, when a similar barrier opposed them, which was also, with some difficulty opened; and the interior of the castle keep presented itself to their view, darker, if possible, than the sepulchres of the dead. Here, just within the entrance, Beauford commanded the men to lay down their prisoner. They did so, and retreated. The door grating upon its rusty hinges, closed again; and the unfortunate Sele found himself in a dark, damp dungeon, far from the reach of any human being.

Not having been severely wounded, the coldness of the dungeon soon brought the ill-fated youth to himself again, where seating, (for the place he was in, would not allow of his standing,) himself upon the step on which he had been left, he proceeded to bind up the wound, as well as he was able, with his handkerchief: after which he felt relieved. Perfectly aware from the

situation of his prison, that it would be in vain to attempt either by the loudness of his voice, or any other means now in his power, to make his friends acquainted with his fate, he made up his mind to bear manfully his present confinement; encouraged by the hope, that the garrison would soon be obliged to surrender, when, in all probability, he should regain his liberty. But the thought of his Deva being in the power of one whom he was now forced to rank as his bitterest enemy, rushed across his recollection, and almost drove him to distraction. The pain of his wound, and the dampness of his habitation, however, soon made him sensible of his utter inability to be of any service to her by his lamentation; and reason again assuming her dominion, he began to reflect upon the possibility of his being able to escape. At this instant, he fortunately thought of an old tale, which he had heard when a boy, respecting an outlawed chief, who, according to tradition, having been taken prisoner by the lord of Cardiff Castle, and confined in the cell he then inhabited, had effected his escape by means of a secret passage, which he had accidentally discovered. Walter Sele not being of a disposition to give way to despair, while the least glimmer of hope presented itself to his mind, seized eagerly upon this legendary account; and, though not very sanguine in his expectations, determined at all events to attempt the discovery of the reported outlet, well knowing that the strong holds of the feudal barons, frequently abounded with a multitude of secret posterns, and subterranean passages, for which any person except the original proprietor, would be puzzled to find an use. Groping therefore his way, as well as he was able, he proceeded slowly along, carefully examining with his hands the wall of the dungeon, which ere he had gone very far, became sensibly larger; and he was enabled to stand erect. Still keeping the wall for his guide, he had not proceeded much farther along his dark and dismal track, when he was agreeably surprised on finding himself come in contact with a strong current of air. He now became confident that

he could not be very distant from some opening, and the castle clock, which he distinctly heard striking the hour of ten, confirmed him in this opinion. Following the direction of the draft, he soon found that his course was considerably impeded by heaps of rubbish, and large fragments of stone, which had evidently been forced out of their proper place; and he rightly judged, from this circumstance, that here, at least, the enemy's artillery had accomplished their intended purpose. With a light heart, he cautiously removed the huge masses which obstructed his way, and in a short time had the happiness to find himself safe in the moat, on the north side of the castle.

Once more at liberty, he surveyed, as well as the darkness of the night would permit, those parts of the fortress which were near him. Burning with a desire of being revenged on the person who had so basely injured him, in an evil moment, he formed the fatal resolution of betraying the castle into the hands of the enemy; and this resolution was no sooner formed, than he proceeded to carry it into execution. The moat was soon cleared, and finding himself once more on *terra firma*, "It shall be so," exclaimed he,—"Yes, this very night is Cardiff Castle, Cromwell's. A few feet of earth removed, admits him to the postern aisle—and once in, Beauford shall then oppose in vain—Deva I yet may snatch thee from the tiger's jaws, and I *will* do so, though I die a traitor." Having with these words turned his back upon the walls, which but a few hours before he had gallantly defended, he sought with hasty strides the camp of Cromwell.

The distance being but short, he soon arrived at the enemy's picquets, by whom, as he did not endeavour to conceal himself, he was of course seized. Having designedly thrown himself within their power, he now merely demanded that he might be led into the presence of the general; with which demand the guards, after first blindfolding him, in order that he might not distinguish the disorder which prevailed around, proceeded instantly to comply.

When ushered into the tent, and permitted again to make use of his eyes,



he perceived the ambitious Cromwell seated at a small table, gazing intently upon some papers which lay thereon. On the entrance of the prisoner, however, he raised his head, and attentively surveyed his appearance; and having satisfied himself, in his usual harsh and abrupt manner, he addressed the following laconic question to him,—“How now, betinselled royalist! your business here?”—“I come to act, and not to parley,” replied the unintimidated Sele, “to offer to a foe what he most wishes, possession of our castle. If he accept the offer, let him get ready instantly, and trust to the guidance of one who is willing to be his friend *to-night*, even at the expense of honour!” Cromwell, who scarcely knew whether he ought not to look upon his prisoner as a madman, paused, ere he made any reply. However, as the chances, judging from the resistance which the garrison had already made, were so many against his being able to take the place by force of arms, he determined as a *dernier* resort, to embrace the opportunity which thus offered itself, be the consequences what they might. “Be it so,” was the answer; “he whom you address is always ready, lead on then, but hearken, haughty cavalier, should you belie your promise, your life shall be the forfeit.” “Had I been the subject of fear,” replied Walter Sele, “I should not now be in the tent of Cromwell—a truce then to your threatenings! nor think that I betray the royal cause thus basely. Hear then the terms; Nay, frown not! I’ll not be frightened from my purpose by the frowns of any man; and unless my two conditions are agreed to, not all your threats shall make me *even now* turn traitor. My life is in your hands, and you may take it now, at midnight, or to-morrow; but *that* is all you have within your power. Hear me then—I ask but for the life and freedom of the garrison, for every living soul, from the person of the governor, though he is now my foe, down to the meanest soldier that treads along the battlements. That the few females, one of whom is dearer to me than life, shall be secure from the gross insults of your

rebel troops. On these conditions only I become your guide!” “Cromwell will pledge his word,” was the reply, “that life and freedom shall be given to all at present, within the castle walls; and as for the women, the soldiers of the Parliament, rebel or not, are not the licentious cavaliers of Charles, who need be under no anxiety for the safety of their courtesans. We come to fight with men, and not with women! now are you satisfied?” Sele replied in the affirmative, observing, as he concluded, that he “would trust for once to the *honour* of a roundhead, if such a thing existed.” Cromwell scowled, as it seemed as if his guide suspected his intentions, but prudence bade him conceal his rage, and he merely remarked, as he took his pistols from the table, that he might do so safely.

With a chosen body of men, upon whose fidelity he could depend, the usurper committed himself to the guidance of Walter Sele, whom, however, he kept close beside during the march, which, without occupying much of their time, brought them unseen to the opening from which the betrayer had escaped. The men having entered the breach, and being provided with the necessary implements, immediately commenced removing the earth from the spot pointed out to them, while Cromwell and his guide kept watch without. With such secrecy were their operations carried on, that no person within was in the least degree disturbed by them. Once only, (and, that by mere chance) had they any occasion to be alarmed. An officer, marching to relieve guard, perceiving from the rampart some persons in the moat below, hailed them in in the accustomed form—“Who goes there?”—“Friends”—“To whom?”—“To Beauford and the King”—Sele’s presence of mind thus extricated them from this danger, for the officer on hearing the pass-word, not doubting but they were sent there by the command of the governor, passed on his way, and left them to proceed with their undertaking, without any further interruption.

The soldiers after having effected an opening in the ground above, were enabled with very little trouble, by means

of a temporary ladder, which was formed of the implements, to enter into the postern aisle, described to them by their guide. Here they had both time to rest, and also room enough to prepare themselves for the attack, which it was to be expected they would still have to undertake. At the end of the passage in which they then were, a narrow door was now the only barrier to be removed, ere they effected the object they had so long wished for—an entrance into the heart of the fortress. From its situation, as they could not hope to penetrate this, however trifling it might appear, as silently as they had done the first, they proceeded by one sudden effort to force it open, and by the rapidity of their subsequent movements, to terrify the garrison from making any resistance. Nor were they disappointed, for the door yielding to the first assault, they found themselves in possession of the castle, before many of its inhabitants were even aware of their approach. \* \* \* \* \*

When morning dawned, the royal standard of the unfortunate Charles, was not seen floating as heretofore above the lofty battlements of Cardiff Castle; and those who had defended it so stoutly, and so gallantly, had either fallen sword in hand, or had departed to seek for shelter in some other fortress, that was still enabled to keep on high a little longer the well known ensign of fast-falling royalty. One only of the former garrison remained, and he with beating heart and anxious look had twice already explored the intricacies of each apartment, which the castle contained, in search for the object of his every hope and fear, but all in vain. Still coping with the grim fiend despair, he was in the act of doing so for the third time, when summoned, and upon his refusing to obey, forced into the presence of the iron-hearted Cromwell. Forgetting for an instant his private griefs, he stood before the tyrant, with such a noble and majestic mien, as awed all those around; and even the mind of Cromwell seemed for an instant to be undecided. But that it was not so in reality, his address to the person who stood before him plainly indicated. "Now,

then, proud cavalier," cried he, "has not the promise which I made been kept? Has either maid or courtesan, for whom you dared to insult the troops of Cromwell been violated? The life and freedom of the garrison was likewise promised, and has been granted. Remember when my word was pledged to this, *thou* wast not one among them, therefore I owe thee nothing, since it was to gratify thy own revenge, and not from love to me, that thou hast betrayed thy party. Had the service which thou hast done us, been done with other motives, I would have thanked thee for it; as it is, I love the treason, but I *hate* the traitor. Take then a traitor's just reward!" Quick as thought, the pistol of the tyrant left its belt,—flashed,—and Walter Sele lay weltering on the ground.

While the soldiers were in the act of interring, at the spot alluded to in the commencement of this narrative, all that now remained of the once brave, but ill-fated Sele, they were disturbed in their work, by the unlooked for appearance of Deva Milton, who rushing eagerly forward, flung herself upon the lifeless corpse as it lay, in the dress it wore while living, upon the green sward. In vain did one, more feeling than his companions, endeavour to soothe her afflictions. Deaf to his consolation, and regardless of all his entreaties, she still clung to the object of her affection with such vehemence, that the men had some difficulty to tear it from her grasp, and even then, two of them were obliged to force her from the spot, while they unfeelingly consigned it to its "mother earth." But immediately on the departure of the soldiers, after their having closed the earth, she returned again to search for her lover, exclaiming in a wild and incoherent manner, that she had "*found* her Walter," but alas! fair maid, she had *lost* her reason.

Poor Deva lived for many years,—lived to decorate the grave of him she loved, with the choicest shrubs and flowers which she could gather together. When the frosts of January threatened them with destruction, she would carefully cover them with straw, to be blown away perhaps by the next



gust of wind; and when the clouds of Autumn withheld their accustomed tribute, *she* did not forget to water them. Summer and winter, day and night, sun-shine and rain, were all alike to Deva: she appeared equally insensible to each, as she sat upon a stone, which her own hand had placed at the head of the grave, and sang her favourite and never varying ditty of

GALLANT WALTER SELE.

O'er Walter's bed, no foot shall tread,—  
No step unhallowed roam,—  
For here the brave has found a grave,  
The wanderer a home.  
This little mound encircles round  
A heart that once could feel,  
For none possess'd a warmer breast,  
Than gallant Walter Sele.

The primrose pale from Dyfrain vale,  
Through spring shall sweetly bloom,—  
And here I ween the evergreen  
Shall shed its death perfume;  
The branching tree of rosemary  
The sweet thyme shall conceal,  
But both shall wave above the grave  
Of gallant Walter Sele.

They brand with shame my true-love's name,  
And call him traitor vile,  
Who dar'd disclose to Charlie's foes,  
The secret postern aisle.  
But tho' alas that fatal pass  
The traitor dar'd reveal,  
He ne'er betray'd his maniac maid,—  
My gallant Walter Sele.

Reader, if thou believest not the above account, search, I beseech thee, the pages of history, and be convinced for once of the truth of Tradition!

TALES OF A TRAVELLER.

The Athenæum has been instrumental, by its extracts, in bringing into view in this country the English Magazines. We wish now to bring into notice, because we have just received, Irving's Tales of a Traveller. No. I. contains the six *Strange Stories of the Nervous Gentleman*; and we shall take that liberty given to all periodicals, and we hope without infringing on the copy-right, to extract a few pages by way of calling the public attention to the book. It is printed similar to the Sketch-Book, and will have four parts.

.....“MY grandfather was a bold dragoon, for it's a profession, d'ye see, that has run in the family. All my forefathers have been dragoons and died upon the field of honour except myself, and I hope my posterity may be able to say the same; however, I don't mean to be vainglorious. Well, my grandfather, as I said, was a bold dragoon, and had served in the Low Countries. In fact, he was one of that very army, which, according to my uncle Toby, “swore so terribly in Flanders.” He could swear a good stick himself; and, moreover, was the very man that introduced the doctrine Corporal Trim mentions, of radical heat and radical moisture; or in other words, the mode of keeping out the damps of ditch water by burnt brandy. Be that as it may, it's nothing to the purport of my story. I only tell it to show you that my grandfather was a man not easily to be humbugged. He had seen service; or, according to his own phrase, “he had seen the devil”—and that's saying every thing.

Well, gentlemen, my grandfather was on his way to England, for which he intended to embark at Ostend;—bad luck to the place for one where I

was kept by storms and head winds for three long days, and the devil of a jolly companion or pretty face to comfort me. Well, as I was saying, my grandfather was on his way to England, or rather Ostend—no matter which, it's all the same. So one evening, towards nightfall, he rode jollily into Bruges.—Very like you all know Bruges, gentlemen, a queer, old-fashioned Flemish town, once, they say, a great place for trade and money-making, in old times, when the Mynheers were in their glory; but almost as large and as empty as an Irishman's pocket at the present day. Well, gentlemen, it was the time of the annual fair. All Bruges was crowded; and the canals swarmed with Dutch boats, and the streets swarmed with Dutch merchants; and there was hardly any getting along for goods, wares, and merchandises, and peasants in big breeches, and women in half a score of petticoats.

My grandfather rode jollily along, in his easy slashing way, for he was a saucy, sunshiny fellow—staring about him at the motley crowd, and the old houses with gable ends to the street and storks' nests on the chimneys; winking at the *ya vrouws* who showed their

faces at the windows, and joking the women right and left in the street ; all of whom laughed, and took it in amazing good part ; for though he did not know a word of their language, yet he had always a knack of making himself understood among the women.

Well, gentlemen, it being the time of the annual fair, all the town was crowded ; every inn and tavern full, and my grandfather applied in vain from one to the other for admittance. At length he rode up to an old racketty inn that looked ready to fall to pieces, and which all the rats would have run away from, if they could have found room in any other house to put their heads. It was just such a queer building as you see in Dutch pictures, with a tall roof that reached up into the clouds ; and as many garrets, one over the other, as the seven heavens of Mahomet.—Nothing had saved it from tumbling down, but a stork's nest on the chimney, which always brings good luck to a house in the Low Countries ; and at the very time of my grandfather's arrival, there were two of these long-legged birds of grace, standing like ghosts on the chimney top. Faith, but they've kept the house on its legs to this very day ; for you may see it any time you pass through Bruges, as it stands there yet ; only it is turned into a brewery—a brewery of strong Flemish beer ; at least it was so when I came that way after the battle of Waterloo.

My grandfather eyed the house curiously as he approached. It might not altogether have struck his fancy, had he not seen in large letters over the door,

HEER VERKOOPT MAN GOEDEN DRANK.

My grandfather had learnt enough of the language to know that the sign promised good liquor. "This is the house for me," said he, stopping short before the door.

The sudden appearance of a dashing dragoon was an event in an old inn, frequented only by the peaceful sons of traffick. A rich burgher of Antwerp, a stately ample man, in a broad Flemish hat, and who was the great man and the great patron of the establishment, sat smoking a clean long pipe on one side of the door ; a fat little dis-

tiller of Geneva from Schiedam, sat smoking on the other, and the bottle-nosed host stood in the door, and the comely hostess, in crimped cap, beside him ; and the hostess' daughter, a plump Flemish lass, with long golden pendants in her ears, was at a side window.

"Humph !" said the rich burgher of Antwerp, with a sulky glance at the stranger.

"Der duyvel !" said the fat little distiller of Schiedam.

The landlord saw with the quick glance of a publican that the new guest was not at all at all, to the taste of the old ones ; and to tell the truth, he did not himself like my grandfather's saucy eye. He shook his head—"Not a garret in the house but was full."

"Not a garret !" echoed the landlady.

"Not a garret !" echoed the daughter.

The burgher of Antwerp and the little distiller of Schiedam continued to smoke their pipes sullenly, eyed the enemy askance from under their broad hats, but said nothing.

My grandfather was not a man to be brow-beaten. He threw the reins on his horse's neck, cocked his hat on one side, stuck one arm akimbo, slapped his broad thigh with the other hand—

"Faith and troth !" said he, "but I'll sleep in this house this very night !"

My grandfather had on a tight pair of buckskins—the slap went to the landlady's heart.

He followed up the vow by jumping off his horse, and making his way past the staring Mynheers into the public room.—May be you've been in the bar room of an old Flemish inn—faith, but a handsome chamber it was as you'd wish to see ; with a brick floor, a great fire place, with the whole bible history in glazed tiles ; and then the mantle-piece, pitching itself head foremost out of the wall, with a whole regiment of cracked tea-pots and earthen jugs paraded on it : not to mention half a dozen great Delft platters hung about the room by way of pictures ; and the little bar in one corner, and the bouncing bar maid inside of it with a red calico cap and yellow ear drops.

My grandfather snapped his fingers over his head, as he cast an eye round the room : "Faith, this is the very



house I've been looking after," said he. —There was some farther show of resistance on the part of the garrison, but my grandfather was an old soldier, and an Irishman to boot, and not easily repulsed, especially after he had got into the fortress. So he blarney'd the landlord, kissed the landlord's wife, tickled the landlord's daughter, chucked the bar maid under the chin ; and it was agreed on all hands that it would be a thousand pities, and a burning shame into the bargain to turn such a bold dragoon into the streets. So they laid their heads together, that is to say, my grandfather and the landlady, and it was at length agreed to accommodate him with an old chamber that had for some time been shut up.

"Some say it's haunted !" whispered the landlord's daughter, "but you're a bold dragoon, and I dare say don't fear ghosts."

"The divil a bit !" said my grandfather, pinching her plump cheek ; — "but if I should be troubled by ghosts, I've been to the Red sea in my time, and have a pleasant way of laying them, my darling !"

And then he whispered something to the girl which made her laugh, and give him a good-humoured box on the ear. In short, there was nobody knew better how to make his way among the petticoats than my grandfather.

In a little while, as was his usual way, he took complete possession of the house ; swaggering all over it : — into the stable to look after his horse ; into the kitchen to look after his supper. He had something to say or to do with every one ; smoked with the Dutchmen ; drank with the Germans ; slapped the men on the shoulders, tickled the women under the ribs : — never since the days of Ally Croaker had such a rattling blade been seen. The landlord stared at him with astonishment ; the landlord's daughter hung her head and giggled whenever he came near ; and as he turned his back and swaggered along, his tight jacket setting off his broad shoulders and plump buckskins, and his long sword trailing by his side, the maids whispered to one another, — "What a proper man !"

At supper my grandfather took command of the table d'hôte as though he had been at home ; helped every body, not forgetting himself ; — talked with every one, whether he understood their language or not ; and made his way into the intimacy of the rich burgher of Antwerp, who had never been known to be sociable with any one during his life. In fact, he revolutionized the whole establishment, and gave it such a rouse, that the very house reeled with it. He outsat every one at table excepting the little fat distiller of Schiedam, who sat soaking for a long time before he broke forth ; but when he did, he was a very devil incarnate. He took a violent affection for my grandfather : so they sat drinking, and smoking, and telling stories, and singing Dutch and Irish songs, without understanding a word each other said, until the little Hollander was fairly swampd with his own gin and water, and carried off to bed, whooping and hiccuping, and trolling the burthen of a Low Dutch love song.

Well, gentlemen, my grandfather was shown to his quarters, up a huge staircase, composed of loads of hewn timber ; and through long rigmarole passages, hung with blackened paintings of fruit, and fish, and game, and country frolics, and huge kitchens, and portly burgomasters, such as you see about old-fashioned Flemish inns, till at length he arrived at his room.

An old-times chamber it was, sure enough, and crowded with all kinds of trumpery. It looked like an infirmary for decayed and superannuated furniture ; where every thing diseased and disabled was sent to nurse, or to be forgotten. Or rather, it might have been taken for a general congress of old legitimate moveables, where every kind and country had a representative. No two chairs were alike : such high backs and low backs, and leather bottoms and worsted bottoms, and straw bottoms, and no bottoms ; and cracked marble tables with curious carved legs, holding balls in their claws, as though they were going to play at ninepins.

My grandfather made a bow to the motley assemblage as he entered, and having undressed himself, placed his

light in the fire place, asking pardon of the tongs, which seemed to be making love to the shovel in the chimney corner, and whispering soft nonsense in its ear.

The rest of the guests were by this time sound asleep; for your Mynheers are huge sleepers. The house maids, one by one, crept up yawning to their atticks, and not a female head in the inn was laid on a pillow that night, without dreaming of the Bold Dragoon.

My grandfather, for his part, got into bed, and drew over him one of those great bags of down, under which they smother a man in the Low Countries; and there he lay, melting between two feather beds, like an anchovy sandwich between two slices of toast and butter. He was a warm complexioned man, and this smothering played the very deuce with him. So, sure enough, in a little while it seemed as if a legion of imps were twitching at him, and all the blood in his veins was in fever heat.

He lay still, however, until all the house was quiet, excepting the snoring of the Mynheers from the different chambers; who answered one another in all kinds of tones and cadences, like so many bull-frogs in a swamp. The quieter the house became, the more unquiet became my grandfather. He waxed warmer and warmer, until at length the bed became too hot to hold him.

"May be the maid had warmed it too much?" said the curious gentleman inquiringly.

"I rather think the contrary," replied the Irishman. "But be that as it may, it grew too hot for my grandfather."

"Faith there's no standing this any longer," says he; so he jumped out of bed and went strolling about the house.

"What for?" said the inquisitive gentlemen.

"Why, to cool himself to be sure," replied the other, "or perhaps to find a more comfortable bed—or perhaps—but no matter what he went for—he never mentioned; and there's no use in taking up our time in conjecturing."

Well, my grandfather had been for some time absent from his room, and was returning perfectly cool, when just as he reached the door he heard a strange noise within. He paused and

listened. It seemed as if some one was trying to hum a tune in defiance of the asthma. He recollected the report of the room's being haunted; but he was no believer in ghosts. So he pushed the door ajar, and peeped in.

Egad, gentlemen, there was a gambol carrying on within enough to have astonished St. Anthony.

By the light of the fire he saw a pale weazen-faced fellow in a long flannel gown and a tall white nightcap with a tassel to it, who sat by the fire, with a bellows under his arm by way of bagpipe, from which he forced the asthmatical music that had bothered my grandfather. As he played, too, he kept twitching about with a thousand queer contortions; nodding his head and bobbing about his tasselled night-cap.

My grandfather thought this very odd, and mighty presumptuous, and was about to demand what business he had to play his wind instrument in another gentleman's quarters, when a new cause of astonishment met his eye.—From the opposite side of the room a long-backed, bandy-legged chair, covered with leather, and studded all over in a coxcomical fashion with little brass nails, got suddenly in motion; thrust out first a claw foot, then a crooked arm, and at length, making a leg, slid gracefully up to an easy chair, of tarnished brocade, with a hole in its bottom, and led it gallantly out in a ghostly minuet about the floor.

The musician now played fiercer and fiercer, and bobbed his head and his nightcap about like mad. By degrees the dancing mania seemed to seize upon all the other pieces of furniture. The antique, long-bodied chairs paired off in couples and led down a country dance; a three-legged stool danced a hornpipe, though horribly puzzled by its supernumerary leg;—while the amorous tongs seized the shovel round the waist, and whirled it about the room in a German waltz. In short, all the moveables got in motion, capering about; pirouetting, hands acrost, right and left, like so many devils, all except a great clothes press, which kept curtesying and curtesying, like a dowager, in one corner, in exquisite time to the music; being either too



corpulent to dance, or perhaps at a loss for a partner.

My grandfather concluded the latter to be the reason ; so, being, like a true Irishman, devoted to the sex, and at all times ready for a frolick, he bounced into the room, calling to the musician to strike up "Paddy O'Rafferty," capered up to the clothes-press and seized upon two handles to lead her out :—When, whizz !—the whole revel was at an end. The chairs, tables, tongs, and shovel slunk in an instant as quietly into their places as if nothing had happened ; and the musician vanished up the chimney, leaving the bellows behind him in his hurry. My grandfather found himself seated in the middle of the floor, with the clothes press sprawling before him, and the two handles jerked off and in his hands.

"Then after all, this was a mere dream !" said the inquisitive gentleman.

"The divil a bit of a dream !" replied the Irishman : "there never was a truer fact in the world. Faith, I should have liked to see any man tell my grandfather it was a dream."

Well, gentlemen, as the clothes press was a mighty heavy body, and my grandfather likewise, particularly in rear, you may easily suppose two such heavy bodies coming to the ground would make a bit of a noise.—Faith, the old mansion shook as though it had mistaken it for an earthquake.—The whole garrison was alarmed. The landlord, who slept just below, hurried up with a candle to inquire the cause, but with all his haste his daughter had hurried to the scene of uproar before him. The landlord was followed by the landlady, who was followed by the bouncing bar maid, who was followed by the simpering chambermaids all holding together as well as they could,

such garments as they first laid hands on ; but all in a terrible hurry to see what the devil was to pay in the chamber of the bold dragoon.

My grandfather related the marvellous scene he had witnessed, and the prostrate clothes press, and the broken handles, bore testimony to the fact.—There was no contesting such evidence ; particularly with a lad of my grandfather's complexion, who seemed able to make good every word either with sword or shillelah. So the landlord scratched his head and looked silly, as he was apt to do when puzzled. The landlady scratched—no, she did not scratch her head,—but she knit her brow, and did not seem half pleased with the explanation. But the landlady's daughter corroborated it, by recollecting that the last person who had dwelt in that chamber was a famous juggler who had died of St. Vitus's dance, and no doubt had infected all the furniture.

This set all things to rights, particularly when the chambermaids declared that they had all witnessed strange carryings on in that room ;—and as they declared this "upon their honours," there could not remain a doubt upon the subject.

"And did your grandfather go to bed again in that room ?" said the inquisitive gentleman.

That's more than I tell. Where he passed the rest of the night was a secret he never disclosed. In fact, though he had seen much service, he was but indifferently acquainted with geography, and apt to make travels about inns at nights, that it would have puzzled him sadly to account for in the morning.

"Was he ever apt to walk in his sleep?" said the knowing old gentleman.

Never that I heard of.

### VARIETIES.

Original Anecdotes, Literary News, Chit Chat, Incidents, &c.

#### A WITCH.

In the department of the Drome, a woman was lately killed under the extraordinary impression that she was a witch. This woman was paid by the peasants for telling them good fortune, or for abstaining from doing them harm. She went to the farm of a pea-

sant, and asked a reward for *conjuring* the danger which threatened his cattle. He treated her pretensions with insult. Soon after he lost some cattle, and his wife and children fell ill. He immediately ascribed these calamities to the supernatural influence of the hag ; but so far from being terrified at her pow-

er, he took his gun, repaired to her house, and deliberately shot her dead. The misguided man is to be tried at the next assizes. He acknowledges the act of which he was guilty, but declares that he shot the devil under the form of the wicked hag.

#### SIR FRANCIS BULLER

while pupil to Mr. Coulthard, uncle to the Graham of Lincoln's Inn, having bought a fiddle, was addressed as follows by the special pleader just alluded to:—"I would advise you, young man, to part with your *kit*, for music is so enticing, that, if you take to it, you will never endeavour to comprehend Coke upon Littleton." Mr. Buller took the hint; and became a judge!

#### GASCON'S DINNER FOR A WEEK.

Are you Frenchman enough to know how a Gascon sustains his family for a week:—

Dimanche, une esclanche ;  
Lundi, froide et salade ;  
Mardi, j'aime la grillade ;  
Mercredi, bachee ;  
Jeudi, bon pour la capillotade ;  
Vendredi, point de gras ;  
Samedi, qu'on me casse les os, et les chiens creveront des restes de mon mouton.

#### NELSON.

"There are three things, young gentleman," said Nelson to one of his midshipmen in the war of 1793, "which you are constantly to bear in mind.—First, you must always implicitly obey your orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety. Secondly, you must consider every man your enemy who speaks ill of your king: and Thirdly, you must hate a Frenchman as you do the devil."

#### CARDINAL DUBOIS,

"though he loved women, yet he formed no connexion with them; although he tippled, yet he never got drunk; and although he gamed, yet he never lost his money." Attributed by some to Louis XIV.

#### MEDICAL.

In the course of the last month the writer has witnessed beneficial effects from plasters applied to the body's surface, in cases where, without having been forced almost into their employment, by want of success in other means, he confesses that

he should not have thought of their use.—Among several, he may mention three instances in which the opium and cumin plaster of the London Pharmacopœia have proved conspicuously serviceable. The first, a case of obstinate rheumatism, fixed upon the large mass of muscular fibres that are connected with the movements of the back and lower limbs; the second, one of chronic inflammation of the membrane lining the bowels; and the third, an instance of atrophy, in which the prevailing irritation was so great as imperiously to require opium, while the idiosyncrasy of the patient was such as to forbid its internal use.\*

Now, in these examples of beneficial result, what has been the *modus operandi*? Is a warm and anodyne plaster to rheumatic muscles a mechanical support to their fibres? If so, one should anticipate an equal effect from mere bandage. Are the cutaneous nerves, or the cutaneous absorbents, parts of the series through which the mitigation of pain or the subduction of irritation are brought about? In that case, what becomes of our theory, that the outer skin whilst unabraded forms a barrier against the admission of things from without? And why cannot we effect the same good through the media of the stomach and internal absorbents? The fact is, that vital circumstance, either in orderly manifestation or irregular display, presents us with a constant puzzle to ingenuity and employment of thought; and we are apt, by entering with too much eagerness into seeming openings for solution, to pursue their tract into confusing labyrinths of useless speculation.

#### NEW WORKS.

Thompson's Inquiry into the Distribution of Wealth, 8vo. 14s.—Wallace's Voyage to India, 8vo. 7s.—Shelly's Posthumous Poems, 8vo. 15s.—Templeman's Conrad, and other Poems, 12mo. 5s.—The Inheritance, by the author of "Marriage," 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 4s. 6d.—Combe's Letters between Amelia and her Mother, 18mo. 5s.—Goethe's Wilhelm Meister, 3 vols. post 8vo 1l. 11s. 6d.—The Relapse, or True and False Morality, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Selwyn's Botany, 12mo. 3s. 6d. plain; 5s. coloured.—Analysis of Paley's Philosophy, 12mo. 5s.—Bishop Hall's Tracts, by Bradley, 12mo. 7s.—Bingley's Roman History, 12mo. 7s.—World in Miniature, (South Sea Islands,) 2 vols. 18mo. 12s.—Natural History of Quadrupeds, 12mo. 4s.—Black's Paidophilean System of Education, (French,) 2 vols. 12mo. 6s 6d.—Stocker's Alteration in the London Pharmacopœia, 8vo. 5s.—Graham on Epilepsy, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

\* All practitioners of medicine will occasionally have met with these peculiar susceptibilities to certain drugs, and indeed to articles of diet. Many individuals, even with a powerful stomach generally, can never eat with impunity of some kinds of meat, which are abstractedly easy of digestion; and to some persons the smallest conceivable quantity of opium proves absolutely poisonous.